

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

No. 5.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.



PRESS OF
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

ISSUED QUARTERLY.
ENTERED AT THE N. Y. P. O. AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, with its connections to Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and San Francisco, on the Pacific Ocean, and forms a very important link in the great international highway around the world.

DIRECT LINE TO Niagara Falls.

The trains of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad are equipped with all the modern safety appliances—a large portion of the passenger equipment having been recently built, it is far superior to that formerly in use on American lines.

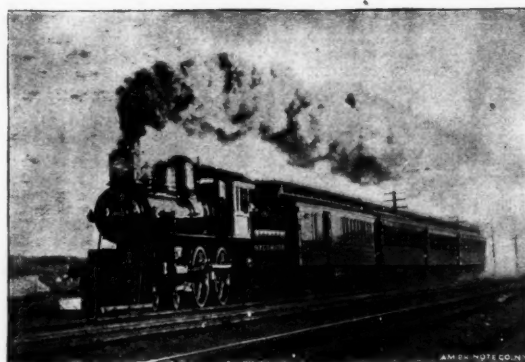
EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL & Hudson River Railroad.

FASTEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD.

WESTWARD.

EVERY DAY BUT SUNDAY.

Leaves New York	8.30 A. M.
“ Albany	11.10 “
“ Utica	1.10 P. M.
Arrive Clayton (1000 Islands)	4.45 P. M.
Leaves Syracuse	2.20 P. M.
“ Rochester	3.47 “
Arrive Buffalo	5.10 “
“ Niagara Falls	5.55 P. M.



From a Photograph by A. P. YATES, Syracuse, N. Y. Taken when the train was running 60 miles an hour.

EASTWARD.

EVERY DAY BUT SUNDAY.

Leaves Niagara Falls	11.35 A. M.
“ Buffalo	1.15 P. M.
“ Rochester	2.40 “
“ Syracuse	4.15 “
“ Utica	5.20 “
“ Albany	7.15 “
Arrive New York	10.30 P. M.

THE EQUIPMENT

— OF THE —

EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS

CONSISTS OF

One Combination Buffet Smoking Car,

Two Standard New York Central Coaches,

One Wagner Buffet Drawing-Room Car.

THIS TRAIN MAKES THE RUN FROM NEW YORK TO BUFFALO, 440 MILES, IN 504 MINUTES; ACTUAL RUNNING TIME, 52 1-3 MILES AN HOUR.

THE ENTIRE TRAIN VESTIBULED, HEATED BY STEAM, LIGHTED BY GAS. WEIGHT OF TRAIN 481,800 POUNDS.

For the excellence of its track, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic.

CUISINE.

Luncheon, Tea, Coffee, Wine and Cigars served from the Buffet at all hours.

BAGGAGE.

Baggage on this train must be limited strictly to ordinary personal baggage. No commercial or theatrical baggage or scenery will be taken on this train.

The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad runs along the banks of the historic Hudson the entire distance from New York City to Albany, the Capital of the State—14 miles—thence west through the beautiful valleys of the Mohawk and “Genesee.”

JOHN M. TOUCEY, GENERAL MANAGER.
GEORGE H. DANIELS, GEN'L PASSENGER AG'T.

GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK.

The Wagner Palace Cars in service on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad are furnished with every convenience and luxury known to modern rail-
way equipment.

EIGHTH CROP



BEING A

CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

PREËMINENTLY PERFECT PIECES, POEMS AND PICTURES

FROM



• PUBLISHED BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN • NEW YORK •

1892



IN THE merry harvest time
 PUCK gets out his shears,—
 For then jokes are in their prime,
 Ripening in the ears.

Through the numbers, row on row,
 Clipping left and right,
 See the busy scissors go,
 Morning, noon and night.

Funny pictures, clever jokes,
 Jolly stories, too;
 Dainty rhymes for women folks,
 Merry jests for you.

All are gathered in and bound —
The Eighth and best of Crops
 Of PICKINGS FROM PUCK may now be found
 At all Newsdealers' shops.



ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1892, BY
 KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN.



A LITERARY NOTE.

PUBLISHER.—Hello, old man! I have n't met you in years; in fact, not since we left school. How have you been getting along?

VISITOR.—I have made a cool million out of leaf yard.

PUBLISHER.—Gee Whillikins! and I had n't heard of it. Say, can't I induce you to write an article for my magazine on "The Intellectual Decadence of Modern Europe?"

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

PATIENT.—I just dropped in to see you, Doctor, and to say that I am entirely recovered.

DOCTOR.—Is that so? I wish you would drop in oftener.

THE MAN who owns a folding bed, does n't have to look far for something to turn up.

IF WISHES were ponies, beggars would eschew tomato cans.

"HAS THAT WITHIN WHICH PASSETH SHOW"—The Man With a Complimentary Ticket.

WHEN WE SEE a man strike an attitude, there is always a strong temptation to hit him in return.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.

MISS CHARTER OAKES.—While Mr. Spindle was calling on me the other evening I excused myself for a moment; and when I came back, do you know, the fellow was actually asleep!

FEATHERSTONE.—Dear me! what did you do—wake him up?

MISS CHARTER OAKES.—Oh, no; indeed! I let him sleep until it was time for him to go.

A NECESSITY.

"Do you think his party will give him a vindication?"

"They'll have to. He was proved guilty, was n't he?"

A GOOD SHOT.

"Death loves a shining mark," it's said.
If so, it's strange
He does not make the "bald head row"
His rifle range.

J. G. B.

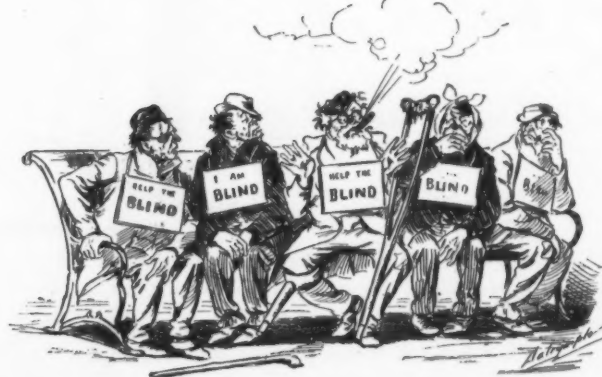
THE TOBACCO CURE—FOR BLINDNESS.



EVENING SHADOWS—Hiring a Detective to Watch the Man who is having you Spotted.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH"—Provided you have enough cash to economize on.

THE "BLARNEY" STONE—The Engagement-ring Diamond.





WAY UP.

OLD WES. TURNER.—Jumpin' Jackson! This beats Keokuk. Le' 's go round th' other street. I want to see the woman 'at 's tall enough to take in that wash!

COMFORT FOR THE NEEDY.

Paper, 't is said, will keep us warm;
This fact, poor friend, pray note—
And in your vest the ticket wear
For your pawned overcoat.



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE IGNORANT.

STRANGER.—Why do you make the letters so large, Uncle?

MR. LIPPER.—Well, boss, de res'dents 'roun' here air pow'ful ignerint, an' I fought I 'd make de letters so big dat de smallest chile could read um.

GETTING EVEN.

BULL.—I hear that Lambkin made a good thing out of his Wall Street deal.

BEHR.—Why, I thought he lost all his money.

BULL.—He did. But he married the daughter of the man who got it.

A GRAND PLAN.

"How do you make your paper go, anyhow? I never see it anywhere."

"We print pictures of prominent men, and they buy it."

"To distribute?"

"Oh, no; to destroy!"

JOHNNY FLY.

DRUGGIST (to newly hired boy).

—Here, Johnny, you do not appear to be busy. Just take these sponges out of the basket and soak them.

JOHNNY.—Not much. I engaged to learn the business, not to work the pawnbrokers.



"IN SUSPENSE —
but still Keeping His
End Up."



FROM DESPAIR TO REJOICING.

EDITOR.—Your manuscript was so badly spelled that we found it almost impossible to make out the sense of it, and—

LITERARY ASPIRANT.—I—I'm very sorry, sir; I—

EDITOR.—and so we have decided to use it as a French Canadian dialect story. Check will be sent on publication.

WHAT THEY THINK OF HIM.

MR. 399.—Get any valentines this year, Mr. McAllister?

MCALLISTER.—Yes; four hundred of them.

MR. 399.—Some valuable ones, I presume.

MCALLISTER.—No. All one-cent ones.

SHE DID N'T NEED IT.

PROPRIETOR.—Look here! What did you mean by telling that young lady that we had n't any rouge?

CLERK.—I had n't the heart to sell it to her.

"Eh? What?"

"She blushed like a rose when she asked for it!"

THE WORLD MILITANT.

Up in high stations we think ourselves—

A Captain, a Major, a Colonel;

But to General Public we must bow,

Or there'll be a row infernal!

SUGAR AND SURRUP.

A NEW ENGLAND TALE.

(Dedicated to Mary E. Wilkins.)



IOLA WALES sat at the early Summer breakfast-table. It was 4:30 A. M. Her father and the hired man, Silas Cunningham, also sat at the table. Her mother, a stout woman, was frying the buckwheat-cakes. Iola was not a handsome girl, but there was a firm look about her mouth that betokened decision. This morning she looked almost sweet. Silas was her young man, and they had been "settin' up together" Sunday nights till 12:30 now for some time. Silas was of a little better family than the Waleses. It is generally so. The better part of New England country life consists in living up to one's hired man and hired girl.

"Pass the sugar, Iole," said Silas, as he took a buckwheat-cake.

"Why don't you eat surrup on your cakes, Silas? it's cheaper than sugar," said Iola.

"The Cunninghams ain't never et 'em so," said Silas, firmly. "Pass the sugar."

"I won't never pass you the sugar," answered Iola; "surrup is good enough for me, and it's good enough for the man who marries me."

Silas looked at her fixedly for some minutes. There was a suggestion of firmness in his mouth, too. Then he rose, and went out of the kitchen through the woodshed, and thence to the barn. He left the cake untouched.

Seventy years have passed, almost unheeded in that quiet spot. Iola is still Miss Wales. She never had another beau since that fatal day. Silas, however, is still the hired man. Since the day when he held firm



A QUICK SEND-OFF.

MRS. SPOOTS (looking out the window).—Goodness! here comes that horrid Mrs. Waggles and all her children. What shall I do?

AUNT TOTSIE.—I know! Johnny, as soon as they get seated, you say you don't feel well, do you hear?

JOHNNY (two minutes later).—I feel awful sick.
AUNT TOTSIE.—Oh! let me see your throat. Mercy on us! I hope you aren't going to have diphtheria!
MRS. WAGGLES.—I hope not! Come, children! We only dropped in for a moment!

to the principles of the Cunningham family, he never seemed to have any ambition to go away.

But what is the matter with Iola this Summer morning? A tremor, almost a blush is struggling over her wrinkled face.

"I jest can't do it," she says to herself, as Silas helps himself to the last buckwheat-cake. Her arm trembles. But at last, with a jerk, with nearly a physical convulsion of her skinny arm, she passes him the sugar. Love has conquered.

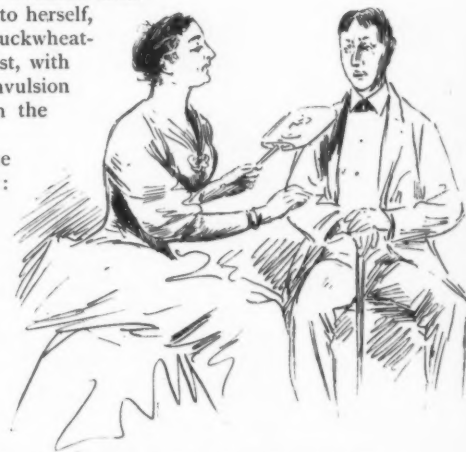
As Silas sat with his arm on the back of her chair, he said, tenderly:

"Iole, ain't you got another cake?"

"There's one I've got put away," she answered, coyly; "but it's seventy years old to-day."

She had kept it all that time.

W. G. B.



TAKING NOTES.

KIRBY STONE.—What paper do you take, Lott?

JOB LOTT.—I've spent most of my time lately taking up my son-in-law's.

THE USUAL QUESTION.

MR. FLANNELS.—Ah, by th' way, he ard the news? Ther' was a little girl born at the Smithers's laist night.

MRS. DE MODE (absent-mindedly).—Eh—what did she have on?

THE DETECTIVE 'SKEETER.

"The ghost that has been haunting that old Jersey mansion is a fraud."

"How do you know?"

"The last time he appeared, he spent half his time slapping at mosquitos."

THAT WAS IT.

"Did you ever discover anything a Vassar girl does n't know?"

"Only once. She did n't know a garter snake when she saw it."

"Oh, pshaw! She knew, but she did n't like to tell."

LIVING UP TO IT.

She said he was a great big bear,
When he one day displeased her.

"All right," said he, and then and there
Just like a bear he squeezed her.

TURN ABOUT is fair play, but who ever heard of the inclement weather postponing itself for a pleasure party?



A HOPELESS STRUGGLE.

PARISHIONER.—I heah dat de camp-meetin' is done been discontinued, Mistah Whaleback; what war de matter?

REV. MR. WHALEBACK.—W'at wif t'ree white men jes' outside de grounds a-peddlin' hard cider, watahmillions, an' lottery-tickets, hit war impossible foh me to keep up de religious fervor ob de congregation, sah!

AN INFANT PHENOMENON.



"Great Scott — that's the biggest baby —"



— I ever came across!"

IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.



H WAS a tall man, and his new clothes did n't drape his wrists and ankles as much as they should have done. Something in his attitude indicated that he was conscious of this, as he stood inside the office door; but he wore a bashful smile, and seemed to be waiting for some one to come forward and shake hands.

"Mr. Spicer in?" he said, turning toward a young man behind the book-keeper's desk.

The man flopped a book over and pointed with his penholder toward a gray-haired gentleman sitting at a desk on the other side of the office.

The visitor walked over, and half held out his hand to Mr. Spicer, who had swung his chair around so as to face him.

"This Mr. Spicer?" said the countryman.

"Yes, sir," answered that gentleman, half holding out his own hand; "and you are Mr. —"

"Stack."

"Mr. Stack, from Hayville?"

They grasped hands and shook vigorously. "Be'n tradin' with ye a little," said Mr. Stack, as he sat down, unbuttoned his coat and spread out his legs.

"Why, yes," answered the merchant, smiling blandly, and taping with a piece of paper on the desk; "we've had quite a trade with you. We're making you a shipment to-day, I think."

"Yes," said Mr. Stack; "I see ye was, as I come in. Well, you've be'n dealin' pretty square so fur, 'n' I dunno 's I could do any better any wheres else."

"Well, I rather guess not," said the merchant, in a tone calculated to dispel all doubt, if any existed; "this your first visit to New York, Mr. Stack?"

"Fust time I was ever here."

"What do you think of the city?"

"O Lor-r-d!" exclaimed Mr. Stack, "don't ask me. I just got in this mornin', an' I swear I dunno how I ever found ye. It's a straight road from the hotel down here, though, 'n' I guess I kin git the same car back, but I dassent go nowheres else. I never see s' many people 'n' s' much tearin' round in all my born days. Seems ef they was all possessed."

"I suppose you're going to stay a few days and get acquainted."

"Well, yes, ef I don't have no bad luck, I be. I s'pose I'll have some more o' them sharpers around me, like that feller 't met me this mornin', fust thing when I come out o' the hotel. Steps right up and puts out his hand, he did, and says, 'How d' do, Mr. Dennis.'"

"Did you answer him?" asked the merchant.

"Oh, yes; I allus try to be perlite. I says, 'How d' do, Mr. Mud. Sharp mornin', ain't it?' and then I went right along."

"Good!" said the merchant, laughing; "I guess you're about as smart as any of us."

"I'm goin' to pay that last bill this mornin' Mr. Spicer," said the countryman, "and to-morrow I'm comin' in an' order a little more stuff;" and he reached for his inside coat-pocket.

"There," he said, fishing out a broken cigar, "I smashed that comin' down on the car. Never see such a darned jam. They wa' n't many inside, neither. I dunno — why — the —"

He was looking for his pocket-book. He felt in all his pockets, rubbed his coat down on both sides, stood up and felt himself carefully all over.

"T ain't no use," he said, in a choked voice. "They're too much for me, after all. They've got it." His head dropped down, and he stood quiet.

"Damn 'em!" said the merchant, excitedly, walking across the floor. "It's that old street-car trick again. And played right under the noses of the policemen. Why don't they keep their eyes open? It's an outrage!"

"Is they anything I can do, do you s'pose?" asked Mr. Stack, in a helpless voice. "They was over two hundred dollars in it; all I had with me."

"You'd better go to the police station and report your loss at once, that's all you can do," said the merchant. "Give me fifty dollars in bills, Henry," he added, to the cashier, and handing these to Mr. Stack, he said:

"You'll want some money to use. If you need more, come right here for it. Make this your headquarters while you're in town, Mr. Stack. "Gad!" he added

to Henry, when the dazed

countryman had gone out, "things have come to a pretty pass when these confounded sharpers rob a man like that right in broad daylight."

And he and Henry think so yet; for that was two weeks ago, and neither the countryman nor the fifty dollars have been seen since. And Mr. Stack has written from Hayville, in answer to a letter, that he has not visited New York since 1867.

Morris Waite.



TABITHA TWITTERS ON THE TONGUE.

I HEV READ that Silence is the ornament of the femail sect; and Hiram, quotin St. Paul, reminds me that women should keep silence in the churches (meanin also elsewhere), but I'd like to know if the femails of Paul's time had n't a hard tug to keep their words from slip-pin out spoutageously. I am willin to admit that for *some* femails the tongue is an unruly member. I hev been imprested with that sack on street cars, in restaurants, at concerts, lekchurs, and etsettery. I hev been an unprotected listener to the Jomestic affairs of the discussin femails and their intimate frends, and I hev likewise heard news about myself and my relashuns that has been a revelashun to me.



I'm aware that there is ekselent varieties of tongues, but I'll confine myself to the chatterin, scrutatin, naggin and scandalizin. I hev no hard feel-ins agin the chatterers; but I think if they cud hear me read some of their own remarks, caught in passin at public places, espeshally remarks concerning the young men of their acquaint-ance, for the fuchur they'd reframe. "They always talk who never think."

There is n't a lock in your inmost soul where a scrutator wud n't try to fit a key. A few days ago I was at a dinner party next a lady whose daughter lately had an unfortnit eksperyens in her married life. Her nabor, who was perfectly famiyar with the circumstances, began to ask qwestyuns about her personal concerns, and suddintly blurted out with, "And is Mabel happily married?" My frend did n't answer a word, but she grew so white that I thot she wud fall from her chair; and I hope the scrutator had a pang of regret.

Much has been said regardin' the naggers since Solomon compared them to a Continual droppin in a very rainy day. We hev the diskushons of The Naggletons on the Derby, Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, and characters add libertyum in poetry and friction. When George Eliot's Mr. Glegg protested agin his wife goin round barkin and snappin like a mad dog, he had my sympathies; notwithstanding, I hold that it's my dooty to impress Hiram with some sacks by frequent remindins.

I should like to say to the scandalizers, "Be sure your sin will find you out." A short while ago some persons was talkin over a minister of my acquaintance, an sez one: "Mr. — does n't practice what he preaches." Then riz a small boy, who'd been tappin on a window pane, an' sez he: "Well, I can tell you he does, too, for he's my papa, and I hear him practice what he preaches every Sunday morning in his study before he goes to church," And after that there was a long silence.

Recently, a frend of mine had an evenin gatherin where a distin-gwished Senator was minutely dissected, and nobody noticed that little Mary was listenin with attentiveness. The Senator called next day, and while he was waiting for Mrs. — Mary told him that she cud examine heads like a fren-oljist and tell his character by feelin his bumps. When Mrs. — cum down a little later, she perseved Mary mounted on a chair, with her hand on the Senator's head, retailin all the informa-



A SLIGHT COOLNESS.

SHIVVER.—This is one of those Masonic Rooms, is n't it?

MRS. DEFREES.—What do you mean, sir?

SHIVVER.—It never gets above thirty-three degrees.

shun about his character that she had taken in the evenin before. It's needless to remark that the call was short and the relashuns on both sides was somewhat straned.

Respectively,

T. TWITTERS.

M. Bouchier.

ENTERPRISE NOT COURTED.

CALIFORNIAN.—Talking 'bout climate, why we are even trying to grow tea in Californy!

MR. DE EASTE.—I am sorry to hear that—very sorry.

CALIFORNIAN.—Why so?

MR. DE EASTE.—You might possibly succeed in raising a few ounces and then the government would slap on a tariff of five dollars a pound.

WELL NAMED.

TUTOR.—There's a reason for all things, Mr. Scrabble. Why was Sidonius called Apollinaris?

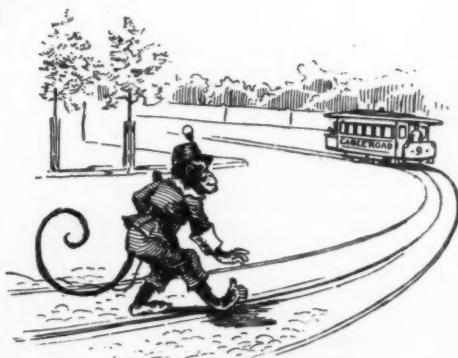
SCRABBLE, '95.—I suppose it was because he was a poet of the first water.

"A CAT MAY look at a king"—if it thinks it worth its while.

IF WISHES were horses, beggars would want to ride in electric cars.

MONKEYING WITH THE CABLE.

A PREHENSILE TALE.



When Jocko struck the cable-road
He wondered how the blame thing "goed."



He peered and felt within the slot,
And, that he had a tale, forgot.



His tale, however, downward slipped,
And soon the cable firmly gripped.



In vain his master hauled in slack,
He could not yank poor Jocko back.



Snap! went the rope—and you'll observe
How neatly Jocko took the curve!

A DELAYED FEAST



COMMERCIAL TOURIST. — Can I get a bite to eat here, Auntie?

MRS. CLEWPIT. — Yo 's raight yo' kin. Mah liddle Reginald 's jes' gone down fo' t' kill a chick.



LITTLE REGINALD. — Hol' on dar! Hol' on! I wuz jes' a-foolin'.

A GREAT RELIEF.

HELEN HYLER. — I've got to go and see a girl — she's the President of our society; and I've got to ask her a formal question; and all the time, I know just as well as can be that she will say "Yes."

JACK LEVER. — Well, that's a great point when you go to ask a girl a question.

MUSEUM AMENITIES.

ARMLESS WONDER. — Will yer come out ridin' next Sunday wid me?

CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY (*scornfully*). —

Naw; wot 's de good — even if yer can drive wid yer feet.



"BEATING HIS WIFE."

RATHER STRANGE.

"I'm surprised at the noise that Niagara makes."

"Why?"

"You 'd think there was enough water there to drown the sound."

HIS FEARS.

"Why don't you get an umbrella lamp?"

"I'm afraid somebody might borrow it, and forget to bring it back."

IN FULL BLOOM.

"Who is that pretty girl over there with such a smiling, blooming face?"

"Oh, she's one of last year's buds."

"Ah, I see — her expression is quite natural."

GOOD ADVERTISING.

CLIENT. — Well — eh — what is your charge in a divorce case?

LAWYER. — It depends, Madam, altogether upon the advertising I get. Is yours a newspaper case?

THE OBJECT.

"That's a beautiful stained-glass window."

"Yes; it was given by Mrs. de Riche, whose pew is just below. She wanted something to suit her complexion."

IT COMES HIGH.

MRS. BAWNSO. — I regret to learn that your daughter's cough is no better. Of course, you have employed the best medical talent.

MRS. GRUBSTAKES. — Oh, yes; no expense has been spared. We think now of trying this new gold cure everybody is talking about.

SMALL HOUSES and a poor show are the things that break the combination.

SEEKING THE PEARL.

THE WEATHER 's so uncertain here,

The rich man soon will skim

To find the needed atmosphere

According to his whim.

The Russ will seek a North Woods lake,

Where Zero's zephyrs roam,

To freeze his ears and nose, and make

Him feel that he's at home.

The Jerseyman, to dodge the gale

And have a Summer roast,

Will naturally set his sail

For the Mosquito Coast.

R. K. Munkittrick.



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

"Ve must begin and cut down our expenses, Jakey."

"Vat for, Fadder? Pizness is goot."

"Yah, Jakey. And ve must make it a leetle petter!"

A SLIGHTLY UNCOMFORTABLE ONE.



"It this does n't create a sensation —"



(But it did.)

A TITLE FOR A TURNIP.



A

I.
SEEDSMAN OF rare enterprise
And advertising fame
Has got a mammoth turnip now
For which he wants a name.

II.
And for the name adjudged the best
He'll pay a golden pile,
To make his turnip through the land
All gardeners beguile.

III.
He realizes, probably,
That his bright pamphlet page
Should glorify his turnip as
The turnip of the age.

IV.
He wants a name to win the man
Who hoes and rakes and digs,
So what's the blooming matter with
The Reverend Doctor Briggs?

V.
The Colonel Shepard has a ring,
So has the D. B. Hill,
The Tolstoi patronage would win,
So would the Buffalo Bill.

VI.
If just for fun he'd christen it
To win the Western ear,
How sounds The Duke of Simpleton,
The Narragansett Peer?

VII.
The Kipling or the Phillips Brooks
Might make the turnip sell,
And as the Great Fair's booming, the
Columbus might sound well.

VIII.
The Turgeneff, the Ibsen, and
The Jerry Simpson, too —
Oh, any of these titles known
From Dan to Kalamazoo,

IX.
Would send the turnip banging down
The garden path of fame,
Should it but have the merit to
Prove worthy of its name.

R. K. M.

REVENGE.

TRAMP. — I've heard there was a good-hearted lady here who'd —
MRS. TIFF (*who has just had a quarrel with her neighbor*). — Oh,
she lives next door!

OVERHEARD IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

MRS. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE. — Well, I know that "to the pure all
things are pure," but these pictures of Alexander Hamilton are too much
for me!

NOT CONTRABAND.

FREDDY. — Our school-teacher's little brother don't have a single
cracker for Forjuly.

JACK. — That's 'cause school is over, and she could n't take any away
from the boys.

A SOLUTION OF OUR TROUBLES.

"Really, I think the Bible ought to be translated again."

"From the Greek?"

"Oh, no! From the English."

A PRIVATE OPINION.

I don't know what she thinks of me,
Nor how her thoughts may err;
But this I know — she'd stare if she
Knew what I think of her!

Madeline S. Bridges.



SPOILED BY TOO MUCH GLORY.

BATSON. — Get out of sight, quick — here comes Twitchell!

PATSON. — Why, what's the matter with him?

BATSON. — Somebody down at Clam Beach has named a
sail-boat after him, and he's risen about twenty degrees above
the occasion.



STRONG CREDENTIALS.

MISS HALL. — I think Count Waldberg is lovely; but how did you get to know him, Elsie?
THE COUNTESS ELSIE. — It was at a table d'hôte in Switzerland. He passed me the Limburger, which I, of course, declined; but on the strength of that little piece of cheese we formed an acquaintance which culminated in our marriage.

FALSE PRETENCES.



PEOPLE IN "palace"-cars act in a manner that could be improved. I can never control my indignation when I think of them. They act in a manner as false and hollow and insincere, by heaven, as if they were acting on the stage. Now, if people must act a part, they should certainly have too much pride to act with the aggressive insincerity of professional actors.

I call attention to the average of men as they enter a sleeping-car when it stands in the station at the beginning of a trip. Immediately on entering they counterfeit an

air. It is an air that is preposterous. It combines the deepest solemnity (as of one entering the temple of Jupiter Ammon) with the most wondrous dignity (as of one who makes dignity his life-work). It is an air of the most experienced and practiced refinement, of impossible exclusiveness and superiority.

Every man hands his grip to the porter as if it would be quite incompatible with the man's dignity and totally foreign to his old established habits to carry it himself; albeit, he has probably lugged it six blocks to save car-fare. Now he appears as if he had never done so much with his fair white hands as to buckle his own shoe.

But note the transmogrified menial still farther, and see what a wondrous effect the "palace"-car has in enriching the thin blood derived from his ancestors. With an air of tremendous importance he follows the porter (who assumes an air of deference), and he eyes his stick, umbrella and hat-box, as they are bestowed in their places, as if the umbrella were unique, the stick worth a king's ransom, and the hat-box the only hat-box ever possessed by sybaritic man.

As he is doffing his rich and remarkable overcoat, he gazes haughtily about the car as if to see with what princes of the blood or with what parvenues and upstarts he is to make his royal progress.

He seats himself, and the richness of the dusty plush, of the cast-copper filagree work and the frenzied inlaying of woods, continues to permeate his being. Presently he opens his valise, as if he were enjoying a privilege, and pulls out a cigar or two, as if Havana looked to him for her trade.

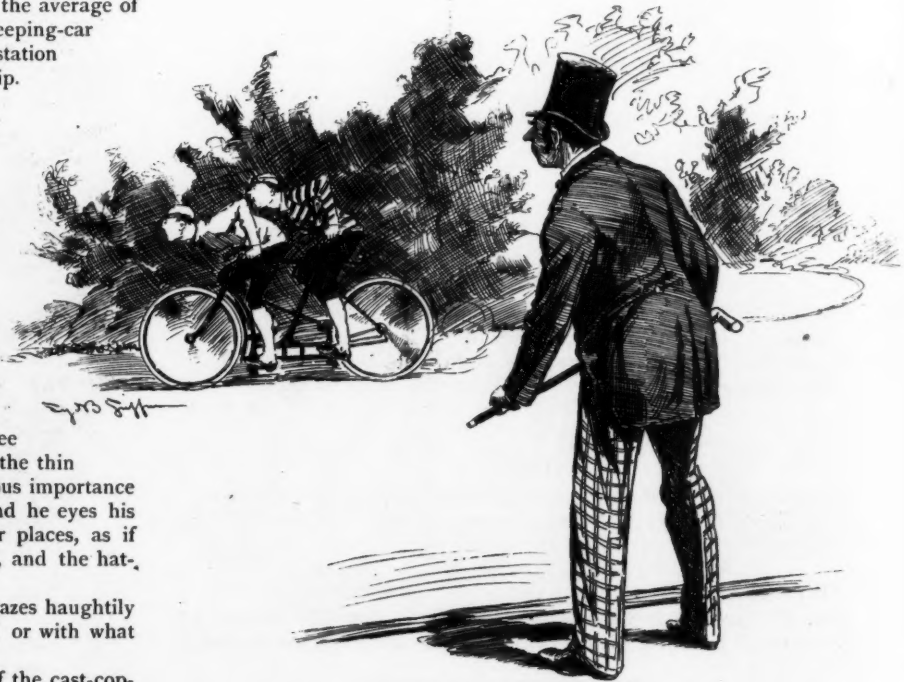
And yet, after all, this man is, after all, only a man; practically the

same that one may read of in physiologies. His wife at home is getting along with cheap servants and economizing with mush lunches.

Away with this pretence. Away with these sudden airs of regality, this vast burden of solemnity, these affected appearances of capitalism. Why should these things be? Because a man pays an extravagant price to ride in a mahogany box, why should he give his manners a hard-oil finish? Because a man is the slave of Sir George Pullman, why should he think his berth-check a temporary patent of nobility?

Airs of pride are ever distasteful. The greatest of men should be of modest seeming. As for ordinary men, we tell them plainly, that never is their appearance so just and fitting as when they are looking heartily ashamed of themselves.

Williston Fish.



WELL MATCHED.

NEAR-SIGHTED OBSERVER. — That's the best race I ever saw! Those bicyclers have been round the circle three times, and that fellow with the striped Jersey hasn't gained an inch.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT AT SENEGAMBIA.

New Camelopard Bridge at Alligatacheeta.



A FABLE.

A Humorist who journeyed at Night stopped at the House of a Friend.

"Welcome to Thee," said his Friend; "hast Thou had Aught to relieve Thy hunger?"

"Verily, I have," replied the Humorist; "I have Fed on the Fat of the Land and the Sky. I stretched forth mine Hand, and took the big Dipper and filled it with Milk from the Milky way; I placed in it some Ice from Iceland, and set it Down to cool. Then fetched I some Greens from Greenland, and a Sandwich from the Sandwich Islands; to this I added a Shank from Turkey, a Greaser from Greece and some Butter from Moscow. Such was my Repast."

"Very good," said his Friend; "I need not Disturb my Servants to bring thee to Eat."

MORAL.—All things are univocal to some people, and a Humorist should be serious when there is a meal in it.

"LET WELL enough alone," remarked the man who leased his house without the help of an agent.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

EAST ORANGE — Sunrise.

A CUT-AWAY SUIT—The Sprinter's Rig.

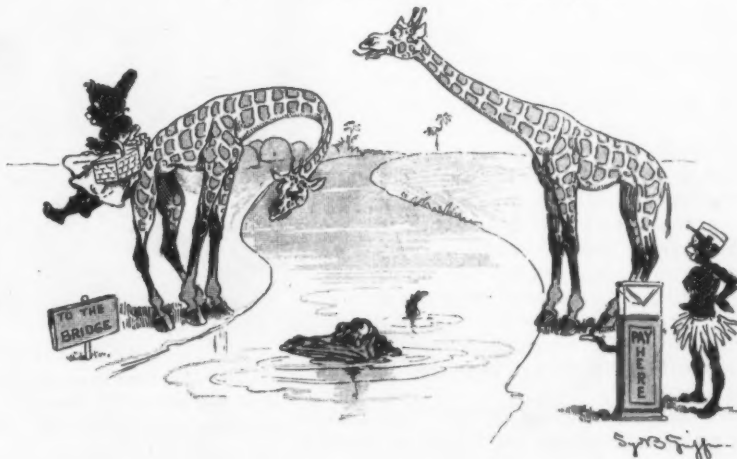
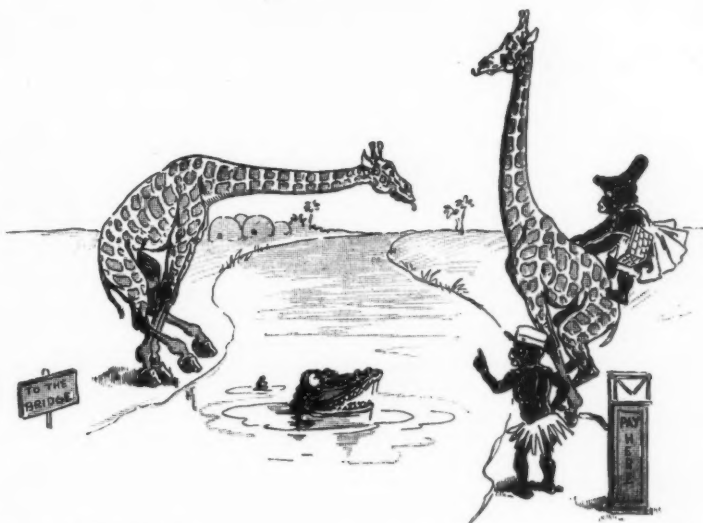
FORE QUARTERS of mutton do not make a hundred-weight.

BEHIND THE FASHION — The Whims of its Leaders.

THE WIDOW feels superior to the spinster. Even a husband is better "late" than never.

THE WALL STREET bear likes to prowls by lamb-plight.

HOW DOTH the trust monopolist The bulge on us acquire By crowding competition out And making prices higher!



A TRIUMPH OF DADC.

"Good evedig, Biss Jodsud. I ab very glad to beet you agaid."

"But, pardon me, Mr. Sneezzer, you are not looking well."

"Do. I have a dasty gold id the head."

"I'm sorry — but, really, I never know what to do for a cold in the head."

"What! you have, thed, do rebedy do offer?"

"None."

"Biss Jodsud — it is sudded, I dow, but — will you barry be?"



BUY IT A WIG.

HARKER.—Is that so, about the hair of a dog curing the bite?

BARKER.—So they say.

HARKER.—Well, say, what's a fellow going to do when one of those confounded Mexican dogs bites him?

A FLOWER FANCY.

I SEE ON a dark, dark stem

A white, white rose.

The stem is as dark as night,

The flower white as the snows.

The stem is an Ethiop

That nods in a study brown;

The white rose his pleasant dream

Of the circus coming to town.

R. K. M.

CYCLONE CELLARS.

"What are those holes for?" inquired the new-comer.

"For cyclones," answered the Kansas man, briefly.

"What!" cried the tenderfoot; "do you plant 'em?"

"Yep; that's how we raise the wind!"

IT IS ONLY a change in our feelings that causes a silvery voice to sound metallic.

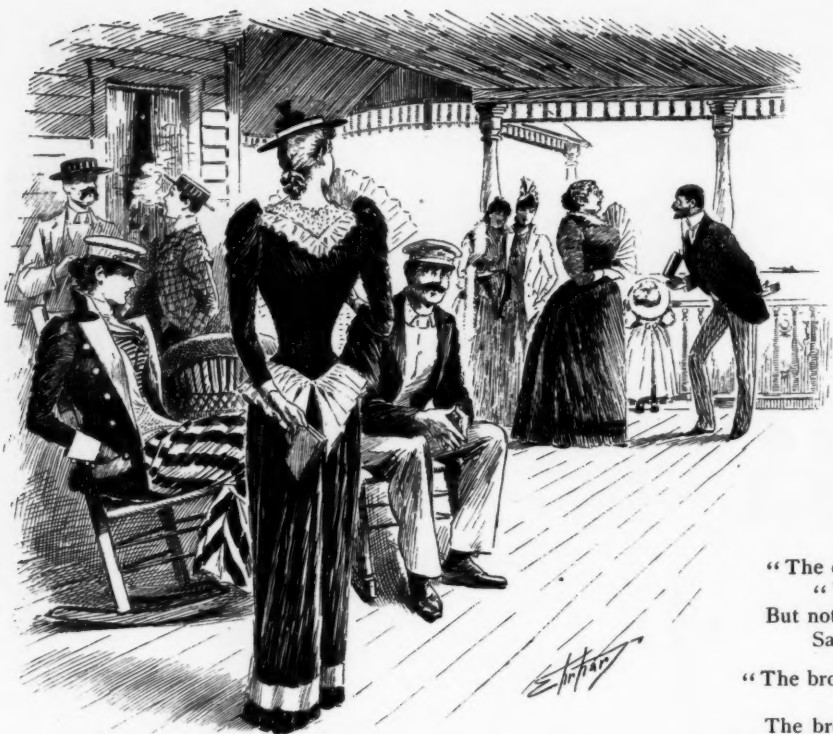
THE CIGARETTE HABIT — Rice Paper.

AN ALL-NIGHT DIVE — The Sun's below the Horizon.

THE SINGLE THOUGHT that joins two souls must be a sort of mental hyphen.

A TERRIBLE STRAIN — "A. Rooney."

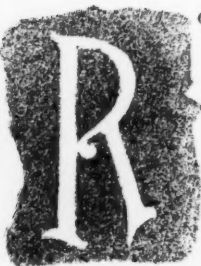
THE OFFICE CLOCK with a cathedral chime must sometimes feel strikingly out of place.



WELL SERVED.

"Why in the name of goodness does Mr. Garson always take that peculiar position when speaking to any one?"
 "Force of habit, I s'pose; they say he was a head-waiter at one time."

BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN ON THE MANUFACTURE OF CLIMATE.



RIGHT ON TAP av the announshmint that a company out in Kansas City is goin' to increase the precariousness av loife by poipin' cowl'd air made out av all sortsh av ikshplosiv chemicals, an' if they don't blow yer house an' yersilf into smithereens, will make you loiable to take yer dith av cowl'd by sittin' in a draught whin some wan onbeknownst to ye turns on the tap av the January in the middle av July; well, as Oi was sayin', roight alongsoide av that, Moike tills me that a man out West or thereabouts has invinted a balloon

that 'll make it rain on washin' days, an' all sortsh av inconvyenient saysons. It's bad enuf to depind on the onsartinties an' capreeches av the Weather Bureau; but if iviry fickle human crayther that has a moind to kin sail up an' meet a foine day in the air, an' turn it intil a rain storrum, well, indade, may we say wid the prophet, "We know not fwat a day may bring forth." If rain balloons gets to be a common practish, an' Oi presoom no wan kin take out a patent to privint any wan ilse doin' fwat he plases wid the humidity, Oi dare say, afther a whoile we 'll have a National Prohibition Wather Parthy. It 'll have to be desoidid how far up in the atmosphere the United States has a roight to interfere, an' thin may be Congress kin sit apart a national washin' day on fwch rainin' is prohibited. If the mummies av ancient Egypt had been befor handed enuf to git acquaintance wid modhern methods av irrygashun, they nade n't have waited for the overflowin' av the Noile. But it's wan av the misforthings av loife that yiz kin nivir profit by yer iksparyens till afther it's pasht.

Roight alongside av the Rain Balloon comes the notish av an Umbrella Providin'

Company, that 'll let you pick up an umbrella anywhere in the length and breadth av the country if yiz have n't losht the check that you paid three dollars a year fur. The notishes comin' out together is moor than coinsidinshes, an' it's my opinyun that the Rain Balloon man an' the Umbrella Company is in league wid wan another, an' they 'll soak the poor ould airth through an' through to git a good sale fur umbrellas.

M. Bourchier Sanford.

LOVE'S YOUNG DIFFICULTIES.

"DEAR EDITH," said the gentle youth,
 "Those brilliant starry skies
 Are so much like — to tell the truth —"
 Said she: "Be wise! Be wise!"

"Nay, then," he murmured in her ear,
 "Behold the rose-bush there;
 Beside your cheek those blooms appear —"
 Said she: "Forbear! Forbear!"

"The dew it softly falls," he said,
 "When eventide has come;
 But not more softly than the tread —"
 Said she: "Be dumb! Be dumb!"

"The brook makes music without words,
 The breezes whisper low;
 But sweeter e'en than song of birds —"
 Said she: "Oh, say not so!"

"The willow bends most gracefully,"
 Said he, "when winds are rough;
 But far more graceful is" — Said she:

"Enough! Enough! Enough!"

"Then, do you spurn my love?"
 said he;
 "Dark, then, must be my fate."
 "Oh, no," she answered tenderly;
 "It's chestnut love I hate."



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS

"The Turning of the Tide."

AWARE OF HER POWERS.

MR. FLUBDUB. — What speaking eyes Miss Orbes has!

MISS DE TRACT. — And how well she knows how to use them. She merely stares at you when you try to engage her in conversation.

A STRONG GUARANTEE.

MISS FLORA WALL (to DEALER). — You guarantee this cement to be good, do you?

DEALER. — Yes, Ma'am. You could mend a broken heart with that cement.

MISS FLORA WALL. — I 'll take three bottles.

CHOKE OFF THE NOZZLE.

Between the "dry light" of history and the dry plates of photography there is little chance of slopping over about the heros of these times.

WE NEVER THOUGHT of an appropriate name for people who recite "I am not Mad," "The Wooing of Henry the V," and "The Bells of Shandon" until a year ago; and now, having philologically deliberated on the matter, we have determined to give the name to the world: These readers should be called electrocutionists.

ANGLOMANIA has reached Harlem. Lochmüller, the butcher, calls his cat Albert Edward, because it's always playing round the counters.



A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

HOUSEHOLDER (appearing suddenly). — You're welcome to the silver, if you'll take this portrait of my wife's mother, too. I've been trying to get rid of it for years!

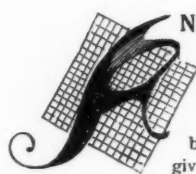
AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.



BOOK AGENT (to SUBURBAN RESIDENT).—Can I give you a few reasons why you ought to have this "Life of Daniel Webster," sir?



SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—No; but you can give me a few reasons why those garden seeds you sold me last year did n't come up!



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A THESAURUS OF USEFUL INFORMATION DISPENSED GRATIS TO THE GIVEAWAY READERS.

(THE GIVEAWAY will not undertake to answer any questions but those of general interest. Questions in grammar should be given to your nearest pupil-teacher, likewise all others pertaining to the rudiments. Religious, political and medical questions not answered. Patronize home industries. Communications for this department should be addressed simply: "THE GIVEAWAY Question Bureau, P. O. Drawer 23,452," and not to the Editor or the business department.)

BERT S., (Apeville, Ind.).—Your question was answered in No. 23, Vol. XIX.

X. Y. W., (New Haven, Conn.).—Read the instructions at the head of this column.

JOHN P., (Blueranche, Texas).—If he loses, you win.

LITIGANT, (Dulltown, N. J.).—Ask your lawyer.

SAM SILLY, (Waukepetoke, Wis.).—We do not answer questions of that kind.

MILO D., (Jacksonville, Florida).—Read answer to X. Y. W. in this column.

M. L. Z., (Philadelphia, Pa.).—This is not a free advertising column.

JOLLY BOY, (Mud Creek, Mo.).—Your question is not of general interest.

NELLIE H., (Connott, O.).—We have never heard of the song "Rats in the Garret, Horned Toads in the Cellar."

SNAP SHOT, (Wildcat, Pike Co., Pa.).—April 3, 1899, will fall on Thursday.

MODESTY, (Shimpville, Ga.).—Ten columns of this paper would not contain the information you ask for.

COLLECTOR, (Plainfield, Ia.).—There is no premium on the coin you mention.

NONAME, (Sacramento, Cal.).—We pay no attention to anonymous communications.

ANXIOUS, (Hustletown, R. I.).—He may live ten years yet; that is, of course, assuming that death does not intervene.

(A few questions left over for our next issue.)

Wallace Chadman.

THE BANKRUPT house-builder began at the bottom and then went up.

A NATURAL SUPER would be a super-natural appearance in most theatres.

WHAT YOU DO, do thoroughly; the loss of a mere collar-button makes one's whole appearance ridiculous.

SKINS GROW AGAIN, BUT MONEY DOES N'T.

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—Business is plumb played out. What can we do for an advertisement?

ACTRESS.—Suppose you meet me at a prominent corner and permit yourself to be cowed.

NEEDS A STRAINER.

SHE.—His humor is n't strained at all.

HE.—Yes; such a pity! It needs classification so badly.

MAKING LITERATURE.

SHE.—Miss Grayson has somehow produced the impression that she comes of a very literary family.

HE.—Well, I suppose you might look at it that way. Her father is a walking dialect story.

PUCK'S PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHER.

My son, feather your nest before you marry. Custom permits us to go on the street without a wife, but it does not allow us to go on the street without a pair of trousers.

A REALISTIC ROMANCE.

MRS. CHROMOLIT.—My dear Professor, pray tell us what in your opinion constitutes the difference between romance and realism.

PROFESSOR FREEX.—Romance, my dear Madam, makes us wish we were what we are not; and Realism makes us feel disgusted with what we are.

SMALL FAVORS are thankfully received; but they are often unthankfully unremembered.

EVERY SILVER LINING has its cloud. You can't earn a half-dollar without working for it.

A SYNONYM—Professor Briggs's Heresy.

THE MAN who wants a mansion in the skies should keep his eye peeled for a "rent in the clouds."

KNOWLEDGE MAY be power; but it won't run shafting.



NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

MR. BLEECKER.—What in thunder?

MR. BROOKE LYNN.—Well, I've got to see the ball game, and, of course, I can't get away from the baby; so I devised this rather novel arrangement. Clever, is n't it?

DICK AND KITTY.



AIR AND SWEET is Grandma in her cap of snowy lace,
Rocking on so softly, with a smile upon her face,
While the twilight deepens, and her head is
drooping low
O'er the blissful memories of long and long ago.
Suddenly she rouses.

"Kitty!" calls out she.
"In a moment, Grandma, I am coming with
your tea!"

At the kitchen window, truant Kitty lingers still,
While the cup of tea is growing cold upon the sill;
Outside in the dewy grass some one waiting stands,
Looking up so pleadingly, holding fast her hands.
Grandma does n't know it!

"Kitty!" calls out she.
"In a moment, Grandma, I am coming with your tea!"

"Ah!" the dear old voice goes on, "Kitty, do you know
Dick looks much as Grandpa did some fifty years ago?
Straight and tall your Grandpa stood—I think I see him yet.
How my heart went out to him the night when first we met!"
Grandma's voice is trembling.

"Kitty!" calls out she.
"In a moment, Grandma, I am coming with your tea!"

"Kitty," Grandma says again, her old eyes growing dim,
"Dick is such a bonny lad, of course, you'll marry him."
"Will you, darling?" whispers Dick, and Kitty flushes red.
"Yes," she whispers back, and shyly bends her pretty head.
Ah, unconscious Grandma!

"Kitty!" calls out she.
"In a moment, Grandma, I am coming with your tea!"

Malcolm Douglas.



A CLASSIC BEAUTY.

TOM DE WITT.—That white gown makes you look
like a Vestal Virgin, Miss Winslow.

KITTY WINSLOW.—Dear me! don't tell me that
it's two thousand years behind the style!

HALF RATIONS.

TOMMY.—I did n't eat half enough supper.

BESSIE.—What did you have for supper?

TOMMY.—Company.

THE MERCHANT'S FAILINGS do not always
lean to virtue's side
—unless by mak-
ing a virtue
of necessity.

SPENCERIAN MOTTO FOR A TEN-PIN
ALLEY—Be Bold, be Bold and
Everywhere be Bold.

WHERE MORE IS MEANT
THAN MEETS THE EAR
—In the Deaf-mute Asylum.

"CONTRIVED A DOUBLE
DEBT TO PAY"—The
Wedding-fee to the Clergy-
man.

THE GHOST walks only
when it is satisfied with
its box-sheet.

"EASIER TO BE PLAYED
ON THAN A PIPE"—
A Conflagration.

THE BRIDLE OF THE EARTH
AND SKY—The Rainbow.

AS A GENERAL THING, we don't
feel at all like eating, this hot
weather; yet, nevertheless, we are
obliged to swallow it.

A WORD IN DUE SEASON—"Here
is that Little Bill."



NOT AN APOLLO.

DOOSEY.—Tut, tut! my boy, brace up!

MELLINS.—I c-c-can't—it's all over—she has returned
my crayon portrait.

DOOSEY.—That is tough on you, old man; but you can
throw it away or burn it, you know.

NOT ALL ON THE SURFACE.

MINNIE.—Yes; he is very pleasant, but I imagine all his politeness is
on the surface.

MAMIE.—Oh, no, it is n't! I saw him give up his seat to a woman
on the Elevated.

AND NO MATCH ON.

SENIOR PARTNER.—What did you let Addem off for to-day?

JUNIOR PARTNER.—There has been a death in his family.

SENIOR PARTNER.—Humph! The
same old excuse.

JUNIOR PARTNER.—Oh, I am
sure he was in earnest this
time. He asked so timidly.

NO MAN is a hero to his
valet, but the cook is
a heroine to the whole
household.

THERE is a good deal of
force in the old fable
about the strength of a
bunch of sticks. But con-
sider the bundle of kind-
ling-wood: one knock,
and the union is smashed
forever.

NATURE HAS provided us
with eye-lids; but ear-
stoppers are wanting. This ex-
plains why we often do not see a
point, although we hear it well
set forth.

"WHERE ARE you going this
Summer?"

"To the mountains."

"What is your reason for going
to the mountains?"

"Mohamet's; the mountains will
not come to me."



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

MR. RYLEY.—Fwhy are yez decoratin', Mrs. Murphy?

MRS. MURPHY.—Me b'y Danny is comin' home th' day.

MR. RYLEY.—I t'ought it wuz fer *foive* years he wuz sint up?

MRS. MURPHY.—He wuz; but he got a year off fer good behavuyure.

MR. RYLEY.—An' sure, it must be a great comfort fer ye to have a
good b'y loike that!

FASHION'S UPS-AND-DOWNS.



THE FLOUNCE ON ITS TRAVELS.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Once on the mart, proud Poverty
Met strutting Affluence,
And bowed him to the very ground
In mocking deference.
"Why dost thou bow so low," sneered Wealth,
Thy head is at thy feet;"
"From force of habit," Want replied;
"I strive to make ends meet."

Leech.

THE KYDD FAMILY HIRE A COTTAGE FOR THE SUMMER.



ARRIVING AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON.—
"The children will have such a nice time."

AS IT USED TO BE.

OLD MR. RETROSPECT sat next me at the hotel table, the other day. I had never had the pleasure of his acquaintance before, but the old gentleman is one of those companionable old souls, who are never quite happy when they have no one to talk to.

After he had put on his gold eye-glasses, and looked in a patronizing way at the menu, he turned his benevolent gaze in my direction, and remarked:

"I never set down to a big lay out of a dinner like this, but what I think of the sort of dinners we used to get to home, years ago.

"'Twa'n't so much that we had such fancy victuals, but there was a somethin' about it that there hain't nothin' ever tasted so good to me sence. Take one o' Ma's b'iled dinners. I never knowed any one else that could dish up dandelion greens so's they tasted any how. An' baked potatoes, an' milk gravy, an' Ma's brown bread. Sometimes Pa'd coax her till she'd make a batch o' her salt-risin' bread; an', say! I'd plank down the price of this here whole dinner, an' willin', just to have all I could lay to of it now. An' butter! Sort o' like pure gold, and

fresh, and kinder 's tho' Ma'd jest gone out, and picked one o' them little pats fresh from where they grow'd, 'thout stoppin' hardly to shake the dew all off.

"An' mebbe beans! Baked in a big brown earthen dish, an' all crusted brown over the top. Ma used to let 'em get cold, an' then cut 'em up into little squares with some of the brown part on every piece. I bet I could eat three squares o' them beans now. There was always a whole pan o' milk set right on the table—*real* milk. You could have night's milk or mornin's milk, jest which you wanted, an' Ma never was no hand to blow back the cream 'fore she poured you out a bowl full. Always let the cream go right in.

"An' then pie. Mebbe pun'kin-pie. Jest 's thick as she could bake it 'thout its runnin' over, with crusts as crisp an' tender an' flaky 's they could—"

But just at this moment the waiter gently moved the bill of fare a little nearer the old man's hand, and the dear old soul picked it up with a sigh, and ordered:

Blue points on the half shell, consommé au royal, salmon with mushrooms, filet mignon, asparagus tips, artichokes, lobster salad, omelette au rhum, camembert cheese, un demi-tasse de café, and a small bottle of Perrier Delbeck, brut.

Charles Newton Hood.

IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

"What did the ass say to Balaam, Willie?"

"Come off."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because he knew Balaam was onto him."



OUT-HERODING HEROD.

GUNSMITH.—How is your new comic weekly doing?

FUNSMITH.—Great! It's bound to knock Melancholy out.

GUNSMITH.—Yes; I should think so. They *are* competitors in the same line of business.

PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.

"A Stroke of Lightning."

EXPLAINED.

"Why do they call that a pony of brandy?"

"Because it is measured by fingers rather than by hands."

THE THREE GRACES.

Faith is a budding maiden,
Ecstatic, cloistered, wan.
Hope is an ancient spinster
That still believes in man;
But Charity's a mother,
And all her geese are swan!

Leech.



LEAVING AT THE END OF THE SEASON.—"The children have had such a nice time!"



THAT WOULD DO.

SPORTSMAN.—Any game about here?
 FACETIOUS NATIVE.—There'll be a base-ball game this afternoon.
 SPORTSMAN.—Very well. I'll shoot the umpire.

A ROMANCE IN SECTIONS.

THE WEEKLY HOTEL HOP was in full blast, and for once there seemed to be enough men to satisfy the girls, and to provide each one with a partner. I, not being a dancing man, sat upon the piazza and smoked, occasionally relapsing into thought.

Not far away, in the deepest shadow, sat a girl and a man. They spoke so low as not to disturb me, and were evidently in earnest. I smiled at the thoughts of youth, and imagination supplied the conversation that I could not hear—the story that is so old, and yet as full of variations as a Hungarian Rhapsodie.

Imagination got weary after a while in supplying conversation, and I studied a star that seemed to be entangled in the branches of a large tree not far away—I was in doubt as to whether it was a star or a lightning bug.

At that juncture a Tall Youth in white flannels shot out of the hotel door, and, stopping a moment to accustom himself to the darkness, discovered the couple just beyond me. He approached them as a boy who has had experience draws near to a cannon cracker that has failed to explode.

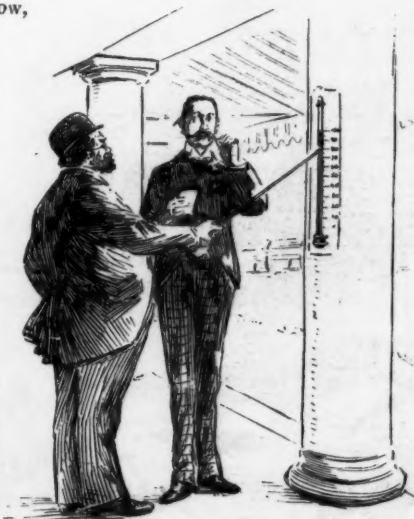
TALL YOUTH.—Aw—beg pardon; but may I have this waltz, Miss Budd?

MISS BUDD (*softly*).—It is so cool and pleasant here just now, Mr. Willoughby—

Tall Youth bowed and returned with crestfallen air, while all the admiration of my heart went out to the damsel who was so very sensible.

Returning to my former astronomical study, I discovered that it was a star in the tree, and after a moment's wondering as to how a star could get there, it suddenly burst upon me that the star shone *through* the branches. I knew it was a star from the fact that it now was shining above the trees.

It was a very little thing to think about, but it diverted me until I lit another cigar. Each cigar seems to be issued by a different railroad company, for each one



MR. WETTERBEE (to hotel clerk).—Mr. Smiler, there's something wrong with the sun or this thermometer. Yesterday it showed fifteen degrees cooler than outside—to-day it's five degrees warmer.

has its own separate train of thought, and I have never been able to arrive at any conclusion by changing cigars in the midst of a speculation. The former thoughts are always side-tracked, and a new train gets up steam.

Perhaps other deep thinkers have experienced the same thing.

Tall Youth in white flannels suddenly appeared again upon the scene.

TALL YOUTH.—Miss Budd—aw—this is a gavotte.

MISS BUDD (*sweetly*).—So it is—

TALL YOUTH (*confidently*).—May I—aw—have it?

MISS BUDD.—Oh, Mr. Willoughby—but this is engaged.

As the Tall Youth vanished, there came a chuckle from the direction of Miss Budd, and I am willing to wager a pound of gloves that Miss Budd did not give vent to it. I felt sorry for the youth, but I could not offer consolation.

Meantime the twain not far away were whispering, and there were certain inflections in the murmur that led me to smile as I had done at first.

Love always arouses me to mirth. Not that I affect cynicism, but the peculiar flatness of my pocket-book does not permit of my regarding Love in any serious manner, so I endeavor to get all the fun out of it that I can. I was aware, in a vague sort of way, that the music had blown forth a few strains and then ceased; and while wondering if the leader had been taken with a fit, my mind was set at ease by the re-appearance of the Tall Youth, i.w.f.

TALL YOUTH.—Miss Budd—aw—may I have this quadrille?

MISS BUDD.—Oh, thank you, Mr. Willoughby; but I so dislike square dances. (*Exit TALL YOUTH.*)

I admired the courage of the lad, and thought at first that Miss Budd intended to give him that dance, and he must have felt that way, too, for his exit was dejected. I wondered what man so engrossed the young lady, and came to the opinion that it was a flirtation.

I can't imagine what suggested the idea, but after it came I felt no hesitation in trying to overhear the whispered talk. But it was useless—only a dim, indistinct murmur reached me, alternating between a sweet sound like far-off bells, and the rumble of a fast express behind the mountains.

While I tried to listen, the music stopped and then went on again. Reappearance of Tall Youth.

TALL YOUTH (*despairingly*).—May I have this polka, Miss Budd?

MISS BUDD.—All the polkas were spoken for early in the day, Mr. Willoughby.

Another exit—another chuckle—more whispering. I wondered why the Tall Youth worded his request as though Miss Budd held the dance with her—or—here the ubiquitous youth came forward again.

TALL YOUTH.—I—aw—was in error, Miss Budd—this is a galop. Are you engaged for that?

MISS BUDD (*kindly*).—Thank you, Mr. Willoughby; but I am—I am engaged for all the dances to-night—I might say, Mr. Willoughby, that I am engaged to Mr. Trotter for life.

There was an inarticulate murmur from the Tall Youth, and I think he fell through the floor, for I did not see him go in. My cigar was out, and as I did not wish to make any stir by lighting a match, I rose to go to the billiard-room.

A romance had been enacted in sections near me, and I was highly amused. I wondered whether Trotter had proposed before or after the gavotte.

The Tall Youth in white flannels was decidedly an energetic rival, but—

Flavel Scott Mines.



MR. SMILER (5:15 A.M. next day, to hotel porter).—Pat, if you forget to put the ice in this column another time, as you did yesterday, you'll be bounced higher than that mercury went.

THE HOTEL with home comforts does not begin to compare with the one without home discomforts.

SUFFICIENT UNTO the day is the evil thereof; but the day, it would seem, is not sufficient unto the evil, which is very likely to lap far over into the night.

"ALL BALLED UP;"
OR,
THE TRANSFORMATION OF A CATCHER.



WILD VIOLETS.

THEY SMELL of the rain, the sun and breeze;
Of the long, cool shadows of cedar trees;
Of the brook that sings down its mossy ledge;
Of the bending ferns and the rustling sedge;
Of velvet mosses that keep the dew;
And of sweet dead leaves that sweet last year knew.

They smell of the chill pure breath of dawn;
Of wind-swept hillside and sun-swept lawn;
Of rose-briar hedge and of winding lane;
And — of dreams that will never come back again,
These wild, pale violets, faint and sweet,
That we buy in the crowded city street.

Madeline S. Bridges.

BARRING BOOK - AGENTS.

MISS TENCE. — I like to meet a man with a history.
MR. FENCE. — So do I — provided he does n't have it for sale.

DANIEL DE ROUND, for his nice sentiments,
In his gilt circle a Jupiter went immense:
In the "L"-car stood a widow dressed poorly —
Was there glue in his seat? — Yea, surely, surely!



A SIDE LINE.

"Mr. Planter, the enterprising funeral director, has opened a tobacco emporium next his casket parlors, on Main Street." — *Local Paper.*

GUILT.

A Drama.

HE. — Do tell me how your brother is getting on.
SHE. — Oh, much better to-day, thank you. But poor Annie is nearly broken down with nursing him.
HE. — What a dreadful time they have had, haven't they?
SHE. — Yes, indeed! And have you heard anything of the Benedicts?

HE. — I believe they are still very anxious about Mrs. Benedict. So distressing, is n't it?

SHE. — Oh, shocking! Then the Montagues. They think Nelly out of danger now; but her mother has n't left the house. Dear me, it does seem as if Providence had singled out all the young married couples for affliction this Winter.

HE. — Well, —

BOTH (with remarkable eagerness). — That is just what I say — never get married!

(Pause. They regard each other with impenetrable countenances.)

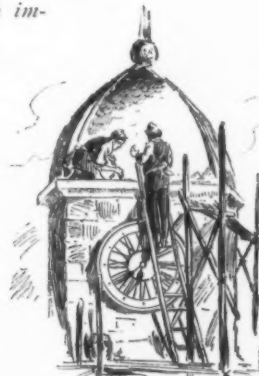
HE. — By the way, don't you want to go take a look at the pictures at the Burin Club some day this week?

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

MRS. FOGG. — Goodness mercy! The new dining-room carpet is ruined. Somebody has spilled a whole lot of oil, and made a great big grease-spot in the centre of it.

MR. FOGG. — You must have done it yourself, Mother, when you filled the lamp.

MRS. FOGG. — Oh, perhaps I did; never mind; I guess it will evaporate.



BRIDGING THE DIFFICULTY.

MISS COONBY. — I'd hab you know, Mose Yallerby, dat ef I marry a man, it'll be fo' love an' not fo' his money.

MR. YALLERBY (after a moment's thought). — Well, 'Lize, I'll fix it dis way: I'll throw up mah job in respect to yoah sentiments an' then git m'self hired over again in respect fo' yoah comfort!

PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED
DEFINITIONS.
"Working overtime."

THEIR MEETING.

MISS DOWNES. — My brother, Upson, said he met you on the other side — just as you ran out of Berlin.

MR. ROUNDS (sadly). — Yes; I remember very well. I met your brother just as he ran out of cash.

KNEW A BETTER PLAN.

KENNETH. — Miss Maud! Maud! Will you gwant me that gweat happiness? Will you be mine?

MAUD. — You may ask Papa.

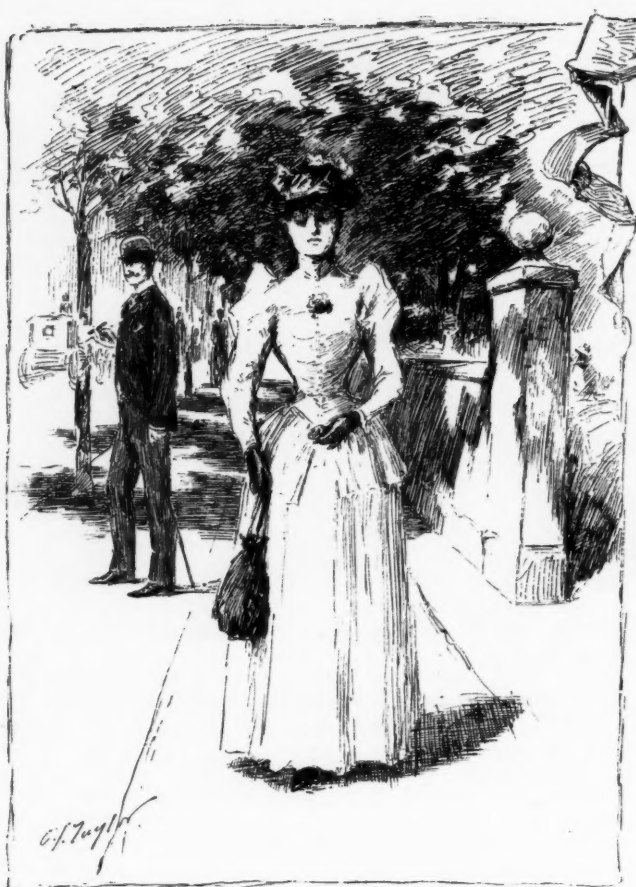
KENNETH. — I shahn't. I shall ask Mama. Papa nevah lets me do anything.

A SENTIMENTAL DITTY.

GATHER from the poet's lines
His heart is but a rich cigar,
Which, lit at one of Love's fair shrines,
Consumes to ashes, smoke and char.

My heart is like my favorite briar:
When love burns out without a pain,
I knock the ashes in the fire
And fill the blackened bowl again.

Harry Romaine.



MY LITTLE girl has eyes — just like the eyes
Of any other girl in town — dear me!
Why can't I rave about the azure skies,
Or the blue depths of the Pacific sea?
She walks — not "like a queen" — but just the way
That ordinary people get along.
She is n't like a woman in a play,
Or almond-eyed divinity in song.
She lives, such circumstance surrounded with
As best befits plain Eleanora Smith!

She is not fair, as other lovers paint
Their sweethearts, though she's pretty and *petite*;
She has n't *all* the virtues of a saint,
Although she's good, and excellent, and neat.
There's hint of down upon her upper lip;
Perhaps she's just a trifle commonplace,
Save for an air of quiet mastership
That says she knows, and can assert her place.
As I can't hold her all the world above,
I now begin to think I'm not in love!

J. D. Miller.

NOT AFRAID.

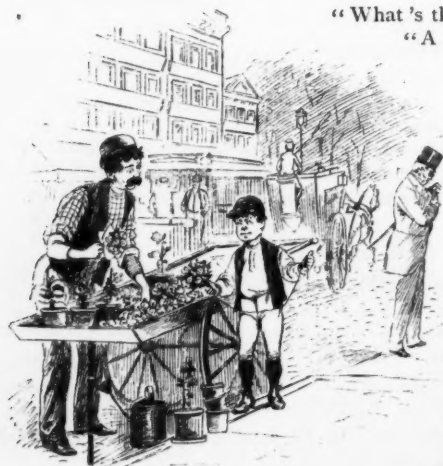
"You say you are ambitious to be President, eh? Well, Pat, it's hopeless. The Constitution requires that you shall be born in this country before you are eligible."

"Ah, the Constitution! Phwat's that? Me fri'nds in Washington 'll fix th' Constitution."

A MEAN TRICK.

"What's the row over at the Museum?"

"A fake dentist sold the fire-eater
a set of celluloid teeth."



ALL WOOL AND A YARD WIDE.

FLORIST. — What was that man kicking about, you sold the roses to?

BOY. — He wanted to know if they were fast colors; said the last he got here faded.

AN EMENDATION.

SAWYER. — The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

DE SPEE. — No, it is n't. It is in the digesting.

TIRED NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER.

VISITOR. — Good morning, Lehman! How is your sore foot?

LEHMAN (*whispering*). — Coming out all right, thanks; but speak softly. It's — it's asleep, now.

CONSOLING.

DISAPPOINTED BARD
(*in newspaper office*). —
What's the trouble about
my work?

OFFICE BOY. — 'T ain't
no trouble at all, Mister.
The boss just looks at
your signature, an' then
chucks the stuff over for
me to keep.

A GREAT NUISANCE.

"It's a beastly bore hav-
ing these ocean steamers start
after six P. M.," said Howell
Gibbon. "Such a nuisance
of having to start for Europe
in a dress suit!"



A REPULSE.

JAGSON, THE DRUMMER (*as the Japanese balloon comes down in his face*). — Hullo, friend! I thought I shook you fellows after my three week's stay in Louisville, Ky.

WHAT WE KNOW TO OUR COST.

Although the ice is hard and cold,
Yet in its heart Love's power is felt;
As soon as by the Sun 't is wooed,
It never fails to yield and melt.

A DAY OF PLEASURE.

MRS. WORRIT (*on excursion boat*).—Oh, this crowd makes me sick and the band makes my head ache!

MR. WORRIT.—Well, dear you *would* go out to enjoy yourself. We never can have our fun without some drawbacks, you know!

ONE TRIAL OF SUMMER.

"By Jove, old man, from the way you keep hitching at your trousers, one would think you were a sailor."

"'Tis n't that, my boy; I'm wearing a flannel shirt and a belt!"

'NEATH GREENWOOD LEAVES.



TOUCHSTONE and Wamba, idling in the wood,
One plaiting rushes on a fallen tree,
One sitting on the turf in thoughtful mood,
Grave discourse had, from listening triflers free.

"Pray rede me, nuncle Touchstone," Wamba said,

"The thing most wonderful within thy ken."

"That 's shortly told," the other answered;

"'Tis the great difference there is 'twixt men."

"And," Wamba said, "the next most wonderful?"

Grave Touchstone smiled superior and then

Rejoined: "It is, O Saxon empty-skull!

The little difference there is 'twixt men."

F. T.

MUTUAL DISSATISFACTION.

"You've spoiled all my fun," said the Dude to the Ant at the picnic.

"Yes; and you've spoiled all my work," returned the Ant. "I'd just finished a fine apartment house, when you came along and sat on it."



A COMING TREAT FOR THE DOMINIE.

MRS. NICKERSON.—That 's a sickly lookin' pullet you've got there—guess it's going to die.

MRS. BURRAGE.—Yes; I 'xpect it is,—I'm goin' to kill it, an' take it to the donation party at the parsonage this evening.



A POINTER.

"Say, Beardsly, ye want ter get them sluggers trimmed, if yer want ter hold yer job. See?"

NOT PREPARED TO RECIPROCATE.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.—Won't you come in and have a drink?

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—No, thank you; I have n't any passes with me at present.

LOFTY THOUGHTS.

MRS. RONDO.—Ah, so you have stopped writing.

MR. RONDO.—My thoughts have run up a tree.

MRS. RONDO.—That 's too bad! What will you do?

MR. RONDO (*filling his pipe*).—I am going to smoke them out.

WHY SHE GOES.

"I go to the seashore," said the Summer Girl, "for rest. Dear Papa thinks it necessary. I play tennis and bathe all the morning; walk, talk and eat ice cream all the afternoon; dance from eight in the evening until two, and in that way get myself in such a condition that I am sick all Winter. That makes it necessary for him to send me again the next Summer. See? And yet they tell us a young girl does n't know anything."



ON THE RIALTO.

ROMEO TICOUNTER (*the greatest living Guildenstern*).—Prithee, who was that gentleman to whom you bowed so politely?

RAGSBY DE JAGGS (*of the "Not In It" Combination*).—That is the property man of our company.

ROMEO TICOUNTER.—Property man! I' faith I took him for a Syndicate.

RAGSBY DE JAGGS.—Exactly so. He is the real-estate owner who gives bail when the manager gets into trouble.

SHE DID, ANY HOW.

LITTLE ALICE (*looking over a book of religious pictures*).—

Papa, what are "Primitive Christians?"

PAPA.—Why, they were the first Christians, the early Christians, the old ones, don't you know. Your mother can tell you better than I can.

ALICE.—Then we're not (*regretfully*) Primitive Christians, are we?

PAPA.—N—No, no; of course not.

ALICE (*brightening*).—But we get there just the same, don't we, Papa?

THE "RECENT GRADUATE" who prided himself on having learned in college "to get at the bottom of things," is receiving a practical illustration of the fact in his new position of office-boy, downtown.

"WHIST! Make less noise," said the manufacturer to the bicycle.

"You make me tired," said the bicycle.

"You're easily tired by a quiet rubber," spoke the maker.

HOW SHE BECAME AN OLD MAID.

"WHY HAVE YOU never married, Aunty?"

"Because I have been a simpleton, child. Listen, and I will tell you the story. When I was your age I had many admirers. However, there were two to whom I was partial — Jack Poor and Fred Goodrich. One evening Fred called, and proposed marriage. I told him to call the second night following, and I would give him his answer. The next evening, dear Jack called, and —"



"Then Jack was your favorite!"

"Yes, Jack was my favorite, but I did n't know it until years afterward. As I said, Jack called, and he also proposed. I did not accept him, however, but I told him I would give him an answer the evening following."

"Why, Aunty, that would make it the same evening you promised to give Fred his answer."

"Yes. Well, the following evening they both called. Oh, what a fool I was! I told them that I thought as much of one as I did the other, and that it was impossible for me to choose between them."

"Why, Aunty!"

"Yes; and I then said it must rest entirely with them which was to be my husband. With that I produced six different shades of ribbon of different texture, each piece of which I cut into three parts, giving six bits to each, and retaining six in my possession. They were to match the six shades in every particular, and the one who succeeded in matching them first was to claim me as his bride. I gave my solemn promise that I would remain single until one had matched them. As fast as they were matched they were to be sent to me, and the last bit was to be brought by my future husband."

"And did they think well of the idea?"

"Yes, indeed! Fred said

he would send me a duplicate of at least three bits before breakfast. Jack thought it was a fair proposition, and said he would get all his ribbons in first if he had to move heaven and earth to do it. They both took their departure, Fred with a smiling face, and Jack with a solemn, sad look, which I shall never forget."

"Who has the larger number of bits to his credit now?"

"They both have the same."

"How many bits have they matched?"

"I have yet to receive my first bit, dear."

Harvey Brown, Jr.

A COMBAT WITH OBJECTIONS.

MRS. DE VOUT.—He looks like a Greek god, as you say, Angeline; but he is no man for you — he is a perfect heathen!

ANGELINE.—Well, Aunt, is n't that all the more reason for my going as a missionary to him?

FAKIR.—Here you are, gentlemen, the greatest invention of the age. PASSENGERS (*stopping to listen*).—What is it?

FAKIR.—A magnetized key-hole plate for front doors. It will attract an ordinary steel key from a distance of two feet. All you have to do to find the key-hole is to take out your key and hang onto it.

(Three men were injured in the crowd that gathered to buy.)

SOMETIMES IT IS contempt that breeds familiarity.

CAPITAL STOCK — Extract of Beef.

"WHERE ONLY MAN IS VILE" — In the Woman's Suffrage Convention.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.

"With a stick in it."

A LUCKY "IMPRESSION."



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.

A NEW LINE.

"Look at Hawhaw, the humorist, over there in the corner. Whew! How swell he is! The joke-writing trade must be looking up wonderfully. Only two weeks ago he had hardly a decent rag to his back."

"He is not writing jokes any more; he has struck a new and splendidly paying line."

"Ah, what is it?"

"Coining fool names for race horses."

IN A CATHEDRAL TOWN.

TOURIST.—This is most interesting. And what may your official title be?

VERGER.—I am the Verger, Madam.

TOURIST.—Are you, really? Now, do you know, I thought you were the Nave or the Apse or something of that sort.

HUMBLE ENOUGH.

MRS. GADBY.—Mrs. Henry Peck has her husband in complete subjection.

MRS. CLATTER.—From what do you judge?

MRS. GADBY.—I asked him a question the other night, and he turned to her and said: "Let me think."

THE EXCEPTION.

MADISON SQUEER.—They say that one half the world does n't know how the other half lives.

MORRISON ESSEX.—The man who wrote that never lived in a small town.

THE DEAR OLD FARM.

WHEN I WAS jes' a-growin' up
I did n't think 't was fun
Ter stan' 'n' hoe pertaters
'N' punkins in the sun —

Ner to drive the cows to pastur',
'N' the hosses to the field,
'N' plow ten acres o' farm land
Er git my back well heeled —

Ner to git up ev'ry mornin'
Afore 't was hardly light,
To feed the pigs 'n' cattle
Afore I could hev a bite —

Ner to bre'k a path in Winter
W'en my hands was almos' fruz,
An' to hear frum 'hind the winder:
"Look at Lazy! Dear me suz!"

I did n't think then that farmin' life
Was noways fine a bit —
Though that was thirty year ago,
An' — durned ef I do yit!

Eugénie Stevenson.



MIGHT EVEN DO HIM GOOD.

MR. KOOPS.—Now, Mose; how did you come to kill that bird?

MOSE.—Dat's jes' w'at I'se comin' to 'splain, Marse Koops. I done kill dat chicken in se'f-defense!

MR. KOOPS.—Oh, look here, Mose! A little chicken would n't hurt you.

MOSE.—Ya-as; dat's w'at I thought.



EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

COHENSTEIN.—Your daughter Rachel is awful proud since she got back from her Summer trip.

MORGENSTERN.—Vell, I s'pose it can't be hellupt. She vas in Newport two whole days, and now she can't shake off dose aristocratic airs she got dere so quick, already.

AT THE FIRE.

SMITH.—It's a sad thing to see a big business like this swept away in one night.

SCHMITSKI.—Vell, I dunno; he vas inzured. It vas a quick way of realizing on your stock.

NO TURNING BACK.

TEACHER.—For what was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?

DICKY BOY.—For keeps.

AJAX DEFIES THE LIGHTNING.

MR. PUFFER (*pompously*).—Perhaps you don't know who I am, sir?

RAILWAY CONDUCTOR.—Yes, sir, I do; you're a passenger. That's all!

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

Poor little fellow in the cradle there,
He knows not time nor chance;
He dreameth not that he'll have
to wear
His elder brother's pants.

A FAIR SPECULATOR.

HE.—A penny for your thoughts.

SHE (*coin-collector*).—What's the date?

TEMPUS FUGIT.

MARVIN (*somewhat absent-minded*).—Why, Spatts, you don't seem a day older than when I saw you last.

SPATTS.—Perhaps not. You saw me this morning.

MARVIN.—Did I? How time flies, to be sure.

A WOODEN HORSE ended the old Troy, but it was n't that clothes-horse which now holds up the new one.

WHEN WE LISTEN to the pretensions of a self-made man, let us try to imagine the claims of a supposed self-made vegetable.

THAT MAN must be thick-skinned, indeed, who can not be touched by the depth of feeling displayed by the mosquito.

AN ENTERPRISING young school-mistress from an inland town, on returning home to her parents after her first visit to the seashore, took with her a small bottle containing a half inch of sand and two inches of salt water, just to give her parents, who had never seen the ocean, some idea of how it was constructed. The parents, we learn from private advices, were very much impressed.



TAKING A STAND.

KITTY WINSLOW.—Physical culture is quite a fad of mine; see, for instance, how well Mr. Van Nobs stands.

TOM DE WITT.—Oh, yes; he stands better against a dark-blue portière than he does financially.

A CONSISTENT ARTIST.

MISS PEARL WHITE.—I wish you to paint my portrait.

DOBBINS.—I'm sorry, Madam; but I can't do it.

MISS PEARL WHITE.—Why not?

DOBBINS.—I never copy other paintings.

THEY WOULD N'T STAY.

MRS. KIDLESS.—How many servants do you keep?

MRS. BIDLESS (*mournfully*).—None.

THE MODERN PILGRIM.

A packing-box dawned on his sight;

The tramp exclaimed in great delight:

"I see where I'm to sleep to-night—

Excelsior!"

MAN ALWAYS flatters himself. He talks of his "resignation," when fortune has simply given him the grand bounce.

GOOD HUMOR is no more contagious than bad. When we run afoul of the latter we are sure to "catch it."

TRUTH IS MIGHTY, but if a good share of it were not choked into silence this would seem but a sorry world.



CONVINCED.

FARMER CROSSROADS.—Dinged if I believe they'll ever succeed in makin' artificial rain—

AN HUNDRED FOLD.

VISITOR.—You say you are here as the result of sowing wild oats. What did you raise?

PRISONER.—Cheques.

PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

OPERATING SURGEON.—Is the next patient ready?

HOSPITAL PATIENT.—Yes; I've made my will.

TUSSELL.—My dear, had we not better remain away from the golden wedding at the Browns? Really, I can't afford to buy a present.

MRS. TUSSELL.—My dear, you forget those beautiful golden rods I gathered for just that purpose.

THE GREAT BEAUTY of the Colonial House of to-day is that George Washington never slept in it.

THE WORLD is more likely to speak well of a man when he is dead than when he is dead-broke.



A WELL-FOUNDED SUSPICION.

CITIZEN.—Suspicious-looking gang over there, Officer. Appears as if they'd made a big haul, somewhere.

OFFICER.—Them? Oh, them 's country hotel proprietors, returning at the end av th' season. I know 'em! They generally comes in like that.

A DOUBT.

HE.—She stood like a wistful trusting child,
With her upturned face so near me
That its delicate beauty set me wild;
Yet she never seemed to fear me.
If she does that often, I'll find at length
An end to determination,
I *must* reach the limit of manly strength,
And fall to the sweet temptation.

SHE.—I gave him a chance! Oh, such a chance
As a village swain would have taken!
And he stood in the rays of my warmest glance,
Like a man of stone, unshaken.
I think that he loves me, though men are queer,
And I'd ask him myself. But, oh!
There comes an awful, horrible fear—
Just suppose he should answer, "No!"

Harry Romaine.



—By gum! they done it!



Beside her Hammock.

THE WARM LEAF-SHADOWS fleck her face and hair
And waver down to kiss her feet, and then,
No doubt, go wavering off some other where,
While I — how blest above a world of men! —
I am allowed to sit, and gently stir
Her hammock, now and then, and talk to her.

But too much bliss, in man's imperfect state,
Ceases ere long, to bless; hence, as I swing,
I'm silently rebelling against Fate
And getting very weary of this thing;
And yet I sit and smile, the while I yearn
For some one else to come and take a turn.

Still, there's one thought which makes me almost
gay,—

To know that other fellows fret and pine
And grind their teeth, watching this hammock
sway.

They little dream that I am grinding mine;
And so life goes, and never can one guess
How much is real of seeming happiness.

Madeline S. Bridges.

THE WIND BLEW THROUGH THEM.

"Let's see: does Barton wear mutton-
chop whiskers?"
"No — Æolians."

AND WILES.

A BACHELOR OF ARTS — The One Who
is Looking for a Wife.

A POKERISH SITUATION.

JACK POTTER. — I never wished I was
blind but once.

BOB TAYLOR. — When was that?

JACK POTTER. — The last time I played
poker. I saw a man who held four aces.

A DRAWBACK.

"He idealizes too much in
his pictures, I think."
"I am afraid that is
true. I know he does n't realize much on them."

NO CHLOE WILD AND SHY.

"She is never embarrassed by her surroundings. She
always looks as if she felt thoroughly at home, no matter
where you see her."

"I was struck with that when I saw her on the
street yesterday in a Mother Hubbard."

HOW IT WORKS.

When you tell the boys you're through
Taking nips of "Mountain Dew,"
That you've sworn off, "sure's you're born,"
They'll believe you — in a horn.

When next week you fall from grace,
In the fight take second place;
When you're friendless and forlorn,
They will join you — in a horn.

John B. Gest.

A BORN FAKER.

WIGGS. — Where did you get that Jim Crow stage-manager?

MAYCUP. — He used to be a circus-man; does n't he know his
business?

WIGGS. — He seems to; he is in there trying to fill the tank by rum-
bling the rain machine over it.

RISES TO THE OCCASION.

It's when the world's with war a-roar,
When kingdoms shake and empires fall,
Each little criticising soul
Feels certain that he knows it all.

WANTED IT IN WRITING.

"Scaddsby is a suspicious fellow," said Brief the Lawyer. "I did
some work for him a little while ago, and when he asked for the bill I
told him it was all right — I would n't charge him any-
thing. He thanked me cordially, but said he'd like
to have a receipt."

AN EXCEPTION.

"It's a mistake," said Mrs. Herts, after her
guests had gone; "it is a mistake to say that misery
loves company. I thought I'd die with headache
while those people were here."

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN.

CITIZEN. — Here, sir; this item in your paper
about me is false. No such thing ever occurred.

EDITOR. — Beg pardon, sir. It has occurred
hundreds of times.

AN INQUIRING MIND.

MAMA (*proudly*). — I think
that Johnny will make
his mark yet.

PAPA (*wearily*). — Yes.
It will probably be an in-
terrogation mark.

WHILE THE HORSES WERE BEING CHANGED.

FIRST CONDUCTOR. — That is a mighty
nice man, that new superintendent; he fired
McGinniss last night for knocking down, and
then thanked him.

SECOND CONDUCTOR. — What did he thank
him for?

FIRST CONDUCTOR. — For bringing the
car back.

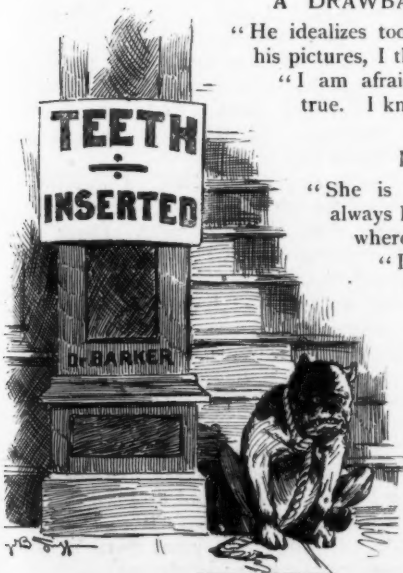


BARREN SOIL.

REV. MR. SKILES. — My friend, here
is a little pamphlet; take it — read it —
it is called "The Chastening Rod; or,
The Sinner Enlightened."



STRANGER. — I did n't catch the name of
that rod you're traveling for; but I'm selling
the "Improved Ajax Lightning Rod," and I'll
bet a cold hundred I'm taking two orders to
your one, — put up or shut up!



A REALISTIC ADVERTISEMENT.



WHY CARRY A
PARASOL?
A Warm Weather
Suggestion.



HE LIKED BRIDGEPORT.

(Train for New York stops at Hartford. YOUNG LADY enters and takes a seat. Enter also a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.)

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—May I sit here?

YOUNG LADY.—Oh, how do you do, Mr.——? Please do. I feel kind of lonesome traveling alone. I have n't seen you at all in Hartford.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I drum now. I'm away four days in the week. How long have you been in Hartford?

YOUNG LADY.—Four weeks. I've had a real nice time. Everybody has been very polite to me.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I saw you had lots of attention at the station. All those men.

YOUNG LADY.—They came down to make sure I was n't left for over Sunday.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—And now you're going home to Bridgeport?

YOUNG LADY.—Yes.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I spent a Summer once in Bridgeport before I knew you. Bridgeport is a mighty nice place. I think I like Bridgeport better than any place I ever was in.

YOUNG LADY.—You're not going back on Hartford? I've always had nice times in Hartford.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Oh, no; but Hartford's *slow*. Bridgeport is a nice lively place. Rather rough and rapid; but a pretty nice place. I like it better than Danbury or Norwalk. Danbury's no sort of place. I've had some of the most elegant times in Bridgeport I ever had in my life. I like a place with no frills. Once I stopped over (in a light blue coat and dark blue trousers,) and met Mrs.—— on the street. "Take me to——'s dinner," she said. "What, in these clothes?" "Yes," she said. "Well, I can stand it, if you can." So I went, and I had one of the most elegant times I ever had in my life. What's become of Mrs.——?

YOUNG LADY.—She's married. She married——. He travels for the hat factory now. Did you know——?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Oh, yes.

YOUNG LADY.—He's traveling for the carpet company now. He's engaged to Miss——. She's an awfully sweet girl. Did you know her?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Oh, yes. I danced with her often. She's an elegant dancer. She's just as sweet as she can be. She and I used to have elegant times together. She's a mighty sweet girl.

YOUNG LADY.—Did you know——?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Yes.

YOUNG LADY.—She's married. She married——. He's traveling for the tack company.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—What's become of——?

YOUNG LADY.—He's gone to Chicago. He's traveling for a dry-goods house out there. I was awfully sorry to have him go. He was one of our best society fellows.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—He *was* a dandy. I've known him to lead a german at almost every place on his route. He and I have had mighty nice times together. (A pause.) I think I like Bridgeport better than any place I ever was in. Do they have music every night in the Park now?

YOUNG LADY.—Yes; and the best society people go. And almost every night in Summer there are hops over at Black Rock.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—And the bathing at the foot of the Park! That's nice, and society people do that.

YOUNG LADY.—Well, not so much.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I met—— when I was there, and he asked me to come down. He said the nice people would be there. Said I'd meet Miss——.

YOUNG LADY.—Oh, yes. I dare say you'd see her.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I think I'd rather live in Bridgeport than New York.

YOUNG LADY.—Well, I don't know. When I'm in New York I'm pretty well satisfied.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—But I mean for a home, you know. Bridgeport is such a lively place. Manufacturers give it life. Now Hartford has no life. It's a country village. The people are all stuck on insurance.

YOUNG LADY.—Yes; but manufacturing spoils society. It's spoiling our society very fast.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Where were you that Summer I was in Bridgeport?

YOUNG LADY.—At Great Barrington—for eight weeks. I had an elegant time and lots of dancing.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I'm awfully fond of dancing. Once I was in the dancing-room at Black Rock, and they were playing the Beggar Student waltz. I did n't know anybody; but I could n't keep still. I saw a girl tapping her foot. "Are you engaged?" I said. "No." "Neither am I—come on." I had an elegant time that evening.

YOUNG LADY.—I'm awfully fond of dancing, too. Once at Great Barrington we danced till half past five in the morning, and I was n't tired a bit. Great Barrington is an awfully nice place. And Lenox, too. Lenox is just as gay as Newport or Saratoga. All the society people go there in the Fall from Saratoga and Newport.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Saratoga's an elegant place. I was there once for five weeks—and was broke for five years. Music, waltzing, elegant moonlight walk—(inarticulate expression of ecstasy). There was a French girl there, beautiful, dark, expressive eyes, lovely waltzer. We passed each other in the waltz. She looked at me—did n't move a muscle of her face; but her eyes said—just as plain—"I want to dance with you." I was crazy. I did n't know anybody she knew. She did n't know anybody I knew. Mrs.——, wife of the celebrated criminal lawyer of Philadelphia, was on the piazza. She's a beautiful woman, too—thirty-five, gray hair, face as young and rosy as a girl of sixteen. The French girl was in front of her. I said quite loud: "I'm crazy to dance with that young lady." She said: "I'll see if I can't get some one to introduce you." The French girl heard. I saw her smile. Next morning she passed me at breakfast. Drew a card out of her sash and dropped it. No breakfast for me! I picked up the card and rushed out. It said: "Ask Miss—— to introduce you." Oh, Saratoga's a great place! But Bridgeport's about as nice as they make 'em. I've had elegant—

(Train stops at Meriden and YOUNG GENTLEMAN gets out.)

TRAINED DRESSES.
From the Club Window.



"NOW, WHY will they do it?
Say, what is there to it
That's 'fetching' or 'chic' in such
dressing?
They drag all the dirt up,
Or they grab, and they flirt up
Their skirts in a way that's
distressing.

"They're called dainty creatures;
And these are the features
That make us fall down and adore 'em.
But to turn garbage lifter,
Or soot-and-sand-sifter,
Makes one rather walk on before 'em.

"Say, Jack; when I marry,
Now, by the Lord Harry!
If my wife cuts that sort of caper,
As true as I take her,
You'll see I'll just make her
Leave her gown outside on the scraper."

Alice E. Ives.



AN INCIDENT OF 1891.

N. Y. CABMAN (to ENGLISH TOURIST just landed from ocean steamer).—Where will I take you to, sir?

ENGLISH TOURIST.—Hoffman House; but—ah—you might drive me past the—ah—World's Fair buildings on the way.

ENVOI.

'T was the night after Christmas,
And all through the house
Not a creature was sleeping—
Not even a mouse.
Mince-pie, cheese and coffee
Had got in a lick,
And at four in the morning
Were raising Old Nick.

GETTING READY.

I'm saving up for Christmas, now,
To gratify my wife, for she
Is very anxious to present
Some truly handsome gift to me.

HOW TO TURN OVER YOUR
MONEY QUICKLY—Match
Coins.

A MAN IS N'T always known
by the company whose
cash he keeps.

LITERARY LONGINGS—Long
Hair, Long Fasts, and
Long Accounts.

GEORGE.—Is your father a banker?

MAUD.—No; why?

GEORGE.—Nothing, only your brother
seems to be a teller.

MOST OF US go through life complaining that we are misunderstood;
instead, we ought to be very thankful for it.

"IS SKINNER LONG'S fiancée good-looking?"

"No; but she will be when her father dies. She's an heiress."

ONE OF the new guide-books, "Chicago and its Environs," begins on
the other side of the Atlantic. That's Chicago all over. It won't
be long before they're running their alleged environs out into stellar
space.

"WHAT DID you think of the heavy dews down there?"

"Oh, it made me right at home! You see, here I belong to
six Benevolent Protective Associations."

BUSINESS ADJUSTED with the aid of dynamite will hardly decrease the
number of the unemployed poor.



ONE A. M.

OFFICER REAGAN.—Move on there!

AFTER CHURCH.

MRS. PUGH.—There was a great deal of breadth to Dr. Teck's
sermon this morning.

PUGH.—But still it was n't as broad as it was long.

A EUPHEMISM.

"Jack Blower told me the other day that he rides a great deal."

"Well, for once he told the truth. You see he lives in a
Harlem flat and works in a Produce Exchange office."

LIKE OTHER good Americans, the hog may now go
to Paris when he dies.

THE HOLIDAY NUMBERS.

The Christmas papers now appear,
The most of them comprising
A page or two of Christmas cheer
And stacks of advertising.



SHANKSY (from de Fourt).—Nyah?

REAGAN.—I beg yure pardon; but thim's only
me orders.



IN NEW YORK, OF COURSE.

HOWELL GIBBON.—Great Scott! Hoffy, why this rig?
 HOFFMAN HOWES (with determination).—I am going,
 deah boy, to climb across Broadway and Third Avenue.

FORCE OF HABIT.



VERY TALL and very slim young man leaned against a closed gate in front of a house in the suburbs, and brushed the dust from a pair of well-worn patent-leather shoes as he watched a dog on the other side.

Around his shoulders swung an empty portfolio, and in one hand he carried, in a bound volume, the autobiography of a great and recently deceased war general. The fact that the autobiography was written for commercial purposes during the week of the war general's funeral does not enter into our story.

It was the plain ambition of the dog to reach the slim young man's checked trousers through the pickets of the fence; and while his efforts in that direction failed to interrupt the thorough polish of the patent-leathers, they attracted the attention and interest of a third party.

A short man, whose costume of rags and dirt showed evidences of veteran vagrancy, was limping toward the gate from across the street.

"Fer a quarter, pardner," he said, swinging himself easily to a seat on the fence, "I'll call off th' dog."

The slim young man looked hard at the stranger, who endured the scrutiny with cheerfulness, and then reached two fingers into his vest-pocket. Before withdrawing them, however, he glanced at the dog, whose blazing eyes were turned on the ragged man with unmistakable desire.

"Go ahead," he said. "I'll leave a quarter on the fence, and you can have it when you come back—alive."

The stranger waited until the coin was deposited on top of a picket, and then slid to the ground inside the fence.

Thrusting one foot in front of him, he raised his right hand and pointed with dramatic effect toward the rear of the yard. Then, as the dog came rapidly in his direction, with every front-tooth visible, and the slim young man's hair arose on his head, he whispered hoarsely:

"B' gone, Tirego! See'st thou the bloody tr-ail of thy unhap-py mistress-s-s—and dost-est thou wait! B' g-gone, I say!"

A look of surprise stole over the face of the dog as he brought him-

self to a reluctant halt. Then, at the last word, his nose dropped to the ground, and he slunk across the lawn.

The ragged man came and opened the gate, while his companion wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and stooped to pick up his autobiography.

"D' dog use'ter work on d' stage," explained the stranger, abstracting the quarter and sounding it against a nail-head in the fence, "an' he ain't fergot his part. But—'f you'll excuse me—"

"Certainly," said the slim young man.

"—d' ain't much use f' you t' go in dat house."

The other was already inside the gate, with his book opened at the first page, and he turned about.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"B'cuz d' people moved away las' Fall. De dog b'longs to de actor w'at lives nex' door."

Robert Barnes Cramer.

THE ONLY TIME.

MRS. NORRIS.—It was the mistake of my life when I said "Yes" at the time you asked me to marry you.

MR. NORRIS.—Humph! You'd never have had the chance if I had known that you were going to say "No" to everything I asked you afterward.

APPLY NAMED.

"This geyser," said the guide in the Yellowstone region, "is called the Political Geyser."

"Ah," replied the tourist. "And why?"

"Because it throws mud."

TOO MUCH IN IT FOR THEM.

TIMOTHY.—Why can't we settle this case without any more litigation?

SEARLES (dejectedly).—The lawyers won't let us.

A BUSINESS MISCONCEPTION.

BILL RUNNER (having measure taken for a pair of shoes).—Do you think you can make this pair of shoes last?

PEGGS (the shoemaker).—Oh, yes; I think so. And possibly not at all, unless you care to pay in advance.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.

"Shot Silk."



PROGRESS.

IKY PALESTEIN.—Fader sent me back mit der peanpot, und he wants to know ohf you'll give him an exdra rebade on der biece of bork.

IN THE FERRY WAITING-ROOM.

SHE WAS a gushing coryphée
In figure willowy, petite;
She wore the blooming smile of May —
A smile both coy and sweet.

Amid the hubbub and the din
This flower of the dancing stage
Read fondly, "Drop a nickel in
The slot, and learn your age!"

Then to herself: "I do not know
For sure which was my natal year;
Like Sweet Sixteen I dance, and so
My youth to all seems clear.

"I feel as nimble as the fawn
That leaps and capers uncontrolled;
I feel in spirit like the dawn
That floods the day with gold."

Then hoping that no one might see,
All nervously she looked about
The waiting-room, then timidly
Her silken purse took out.

She seemed to smile from head to foot,
With rapture rooted to the spot;
Then daintily and quickly put
A nickel in the slot.

She heard it jingle as it dropped,
And pulled the handle with a sigh;
Then up the full directions popped
Before her anxious eye.

She read them with a hurried glance,
The handle gave another jerk;
And gazing at the thing askance,
Learned that it would n't work.

Her nickel lost, she in a rage
Of disappointment chanced to see
The legend grim: "This tells no age
That's over 63."

R. K. M.



AN OPENING FOR A YOUNG MAN.

AMBITIOUS YOUTH.—I see you advertise for a private secretary.

MILLIONAIRE.—Yes. Did you ever play base-ball?
"Um — yes; I've
always been very
fond of base-ball;
but, of course, I
would not neglect

my employer's interests to at-
tend a game. No; indeed, sir."

"Are you a good player?"

"Well, yes; for an amateur."

"Belong to a nine?"

"Yes; but I'll resign if you
wish. I'm captain and catcher
of the Nevermuff Club."

"Good! You'll do."

"Eh? I thought you wanted
a secretary."

"So I do. But I want a sec-
retary who can catch the bombs
which cranks throw at me, so
the infernal things won't hit
the floor and explode."

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Is incense burned on the
altars of the Comic Muse?"

"No; nonsense."

THE BARGAIN-COUNTER clerk
comes early, but he does n't
avoid the rush.

THE POLYSYLLABLE is not much
used by plain people. "Ex-
oneration" and "vindication" are
not wanted by the man who keeps
straight.

A CLASSICAL ANECDOTE.

"Fine words butter no parsnips," was the terse remark of the late
Sophocles when the Athens *Daily Heleneblatt* gave the first performance
of "Philoctetes" a two-column send-off. "What I want to collar," said
that great poet, "is not gush, but gate-money!"

HARD ON THE GIRL.

"Do be careful what you say in your
poems addressed to me," pleaded
his fiancée; "because all my
friends read your poetry."

"That's all right," the poet
answered; "no one knows you
by the pet name of Phyllis, and
no one would ever recognize
you by my descriptions."

BLISS.

They were dreaming of wed-
ded bliss. "After your hard
day's work, dear —" she mur-
mured.

"Yes;" he interrupted earn-
estly.

"You will come home and
talk with me, and hold me in
your lap and read to me and
drive all my cares away and
rub my head, and it will be so
sweet, and so just like a book!"

SUITED TO A T—The Clothing
of a Scare-crow.

MEN who are seeking an opening,
and waiting for something to turn
up, might try the old-fashioned way
of putting their hands to the plough
to open and turn up the soil.

A TRIFLE STUFFY.

MISS SLUMMING.—It must be very uncomfortable for you up here,
Mrs. Brannigan.

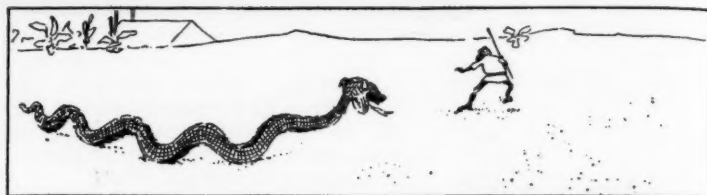
MRS. BRANNIGAN.—Oh, sure, Mum! an' it would n't be so bad en-
tirely if the family over in that corner did n't kape boarders.



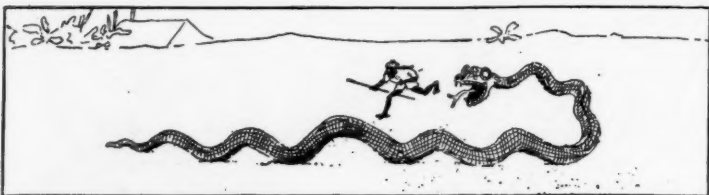
AN "ARTFUL DODGER."



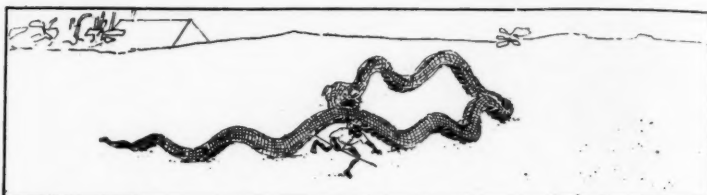
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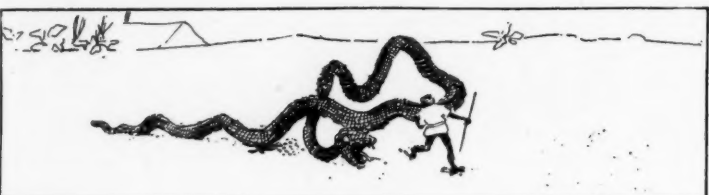
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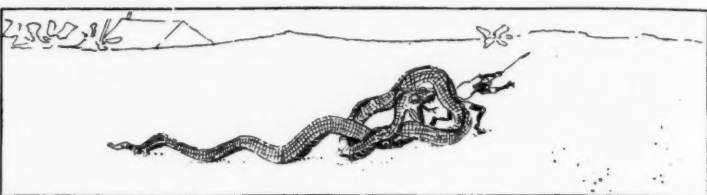
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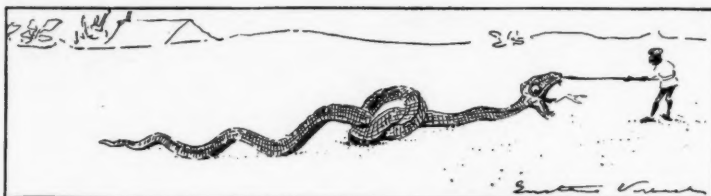
VI.

NO CAUSE TO.

CROKER.—When I was abroad I saw only one city where the pavements are swept less frequently than in New York.

BRENNAN.—And what city was that?

CROKER.—Venice.



VII.

A DISADVANTAGE IN SUDDEN DEATH.

"So Bunkum is dead, is he? What were his last words?"
"He did n't have any. He died before he could say 'em!"



NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY.

SING OF rural quiet and repose,
The sylvan silence, sweet to shattered nerves;
The mournful dog, whose deep-mouthed baying serves
To warn us when the full moon brightly shows;
The calf-bereaved cow, that gently lows
And shakes the dull air into wavy curves;
The katydid, whose shrill note never swerves;
The frogs, that croak down where the river flows;
The hens, that squawk when foxy footsteps fall;
The tree-toad, chirping from his cool retreat;
The owl, screeching with unearthly call,
Till slumber 's but a memory faint and sweet;
I sing their praises! But I'd give them all
For midnight silence of a city street.

Harry Romaine.

HE FINISHES HIS WORK.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Worrit, "is it really true that many people are buried alive?"

"None of my patients ever are," replied Dr. Graves.

THE MAN who lives in the public eye must expect sometimes to be under the lash.

THE POLITICIAN who wants an eight-hour day for the workingman, takes good care to put in a sixteen-hour day for himself.

SO SIMPLE WHEN YOU KNOW IT — The Dude.

NECESSITY MAY be the mother of Invention; but very few tramps help to keep the grass from growing on the path leading to the Patent Office.

THE BREED.

"Deah me," said Chappie, as he donned his sixth costume for the day; "I've been working like a horse."

"Ya-as," returned Doody, who is brighter than he looks; "like a clothes horse."

UNDER THE SWORD.

LUCULLUS.—Hello, Dam, old boy; what are you doing these days?
DAMOCLES (*with a nervous glance upward*).—Waiting for a hair-cut.

TWO WAYS OF ACTING.

Two men, whose livers were not plumb,
Were almost choked with spleen;
One cursed his luck, the other wrote
A poem for a magazine.



THEY MUST GO.

MR. DINGY (*arriving*).—Ah, Hatley, you must have had pretty heavy weather, lately. All your head-gear blown away?

CAPTAIN HATLEY (*of the Whitecap*).—No; oh, no! But since you people ashore have monopolized the yachting cap this season, we yachtsmen felt we ought to wear something to distinguish us from landlubbers.

HER CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"WHAT WOULD you like for Christmas, dear?"
In an after-dinner mood
He kindly asked. (He had praised the roast,
And the claret was clear and good.)



She answered promptly, "An emerald ring;
Oh, I long for that! And enough
Of the finest sealskin to match my sacque,
And make me a lovely muff.

"Or else I should like a string of beads,
Pure gold, and an inlaid fan;
Or, if you could get me a swansdown
wrap
For evenings, — you dear old man!"

He smiled indulgence to each sweet whim;
But when Christmas dawnlight broke,
He gave her a pair of overshoes,
A clock, and a rubber cloak.

Madeline S. Bridges.

THE MARKET TURNED.

ONE DAY, while George Mace was walking through one of the side streets, just off Broadway, he saw a pair of vases in the window of a little shop. They were large and hideously Japanese in design, and therefore appealed strongly to his uncultivated taste.

The inspiration flashed across him that here were the very things to give Nellie for Christmas; they would look well on the mantel of her room, without destroying the effect of the other decorations, which were of a sort to stand a good deal of killing. The price was only five dollars, and they certainly made a great show for the money.

This was in September.

In October, George walked around and looked at the vases again. They were still there, but had been "Reduced to \$4.93."

"Wonder why they knocked off the seven cents?" thought he; "probably for luck."

Along in November, George took another look in the window. This time the vases were placarded: "Cheap! \$3.87."

"Better yet," he mused. "I guess I won't buy now; they may take another drop." And he turned and walked away.

A few days before Christmas, George strolled around to the little shop, fully determined to make the purchase.

As he drew near, a bright blue sign in the window caught his eye:

NEW IMPORTATIONS OF HOLIDAY GOODS.

At first George was afraid his vases might have been cast aside to make room for the new stock, but he soon saw them in the old corner.

Before entering the store, he stopped to read the figures on the ticket, and received a shock which nearly dislocated his nervous system:

"This Pair of Rare Old Japanese Vases — Tou Hi Period — Only \$17.00."

THE BEST foot on which to
put the Christmas stocking
is the foot of the bed.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES —
The Monocle and Its Wearer.

SPORT OF THE WINTER WIND
— A Game of "Freeze Out."

THAT WAS a thoughtful man who
gave his horse an extra good
Christmas dinner, forgetting that the
animal was a Mohammedan from
Arabia.



WORKING OVERTIME.

COLONEL GRAY. — Well, Uncle Jasper, I see you
have your Christmas turkey. You must have been working
right hard lately to be able to get such a fine fellow as that.
UNCLE JASPER. — Yas, sah: night wuk, mos'ly.



SETTING HIMSELF STRAIGHT.

"Oh, by the way, Lord Duckleton, it's rather odd,
but your name does not appear in Burke."

"Ah, I know that, Mrs. Van Cash! But I assure you
that the omission makes no difference with my actual
standing. Burke was very impudent to me on one
occasion, and I was forced to — eh — to kick him out of
my house. This is his revenge."

THE LAST THING THOUGHT OF.

MR. S. T. NICHOLAS (*Christmas Eve*). — Well, we've got everything
arranged now, the presents, the dinner, and — but it seems to me as if I'd
forgotten something, still!

MRS. NICHOLAS. — Was n't it your
intention to go to church in the
morning?

MR. NICHOLAS. — Why, yes,
sure enough! It's a religious
holiday, after all!

THE KIND SHE LIKED.

MRS. SANDERS. — We have
decided to make you sensible
presents this year, Rosie.

ROSIE. — That's horrid,
Mama. I like to have my
things characteristic of the peo-
ple who give them to me.

WELL NAMED.

"You might try one of our
Rip Van Winkle rugs."

"What is there special about
them?"

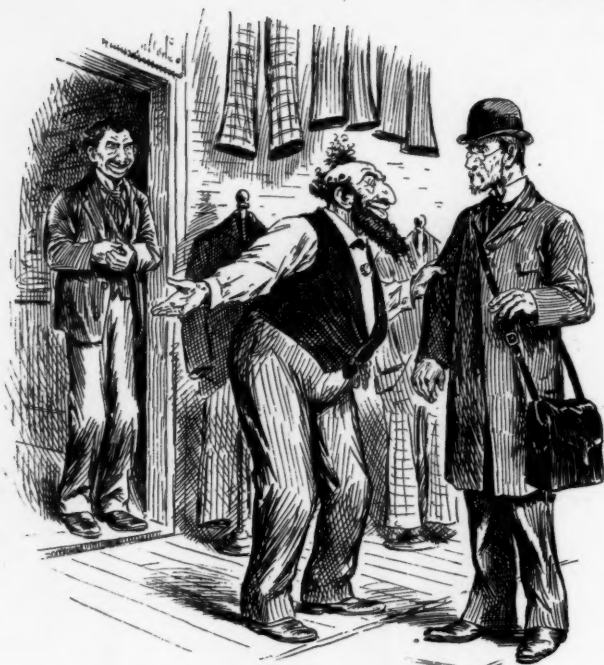
"They have an unusually
long nap."

EXCUSABLE.

"No monkey business, there!"

"But, officer, I'm an organ
grinder."

"THIS IS TOUGH!" exclaimed
the Oyster in the turkey-stuff-
ing; "here it's hotter than fourteen
Augusts in this oven, and yet folks
say I'm in season!"



HOKENSTEIN.—Come in, my friend—I sell you der lofeliest suit ohf glothos you efer saw!—



STRANGER.—One moment, please—allow me to sell you a copy of this magnificent work, "The Lost Tribes of Israel," richly illustrated, only two dollars and seventy-five cents!

RESULTS OF OLD-FASHIONED BUSINESS TRAINING.

A SHABBY MAN is William. Clothes of that slaty brown hue which suggests more wear than brushing. Usually later than other men in his style of dress. Tendency toward an overcoat in May and a straw-hat in October. Rather stooping and round-shouldered for a man of forty-five. Face showing, at the same time, timidity and rashness. Voice alternately bashfully low and brassily loud. Grammar atrocious even for a business man. Not a prosperous person, not a comfortable man, nor one likely to succeed. Ruined, in fact, by old-fashioned business training.

His father, a spice dealer in a large wholesale way, had brought him up in his own "store" as he had been himself brought up. He took him from school at the age of thirteen, and made him begin life by sweeping out the store at half-past seven o'clock every morning, and subsequently building fires and running errands. No customer ever came to the "store," by the way, until some hours later. Similarly William had to remain, and to put up the shutters at six o'clock of evenings. To be sure, business had ceased hours before; but that was the way to bring a boy up so as to make a great merchant of him.

At the age of twenty-one William could sweep, build fires, run errands, and listen to drivel about successful business-men as well as any youth in America; and he knew as much about business as any youth on Robinson Crusoe's island before Robinson arrived.

So he launched out for himself as a fruit importer, and at the end of a year his father gallantly came to the rescue, and saved William from failing.

The following year he became bankrupt as a feed and flour merchant in spite of the old gentleman.

What ailed the boy? He went to his business at unutterably early hours, and remained at it until late. He had no bad habits, was not lazy, and economized to the verge of meanness. He was not a fool. To be sure, he could not speak or write any language

but his own, and his own was a shocking dialect of English, and certainly he knew nothing which men learn from books; but he did not in these matters differ widely from his associates. What could be the matter with him? Only that he had been trained in the real old-fashioned business way, and had learned the A B C so thoroughly that he knew nothing else.

He could balance a ledger without any idea as to what his books meant. He could make and collect bills just as a horse can pull a cart—unintelligently and patiently, but without the faintest idea of the principles involved. He could copy a letter neatly, but he could n't tell whether the letter were sense or nonsense. You see he had been brought up on the old-fashioned business plan.

He opened a small place for the sharpening of skates and repairs of sleds, getting the unexpired part of a lease from May to October at very low terms. The business did not pay. He closed it in September, and secured near by, at low rental, a store which was to be torn down in the Spring. Here he opened with straw-hats and palm-leaf fans—bought ridiculously cheap at auction. Somehow he failed in this. Customers passed the place to buy fur-caps and arctics next door. Bad luck apparently pursued him in everything.

He got an interest in a patent for making an imitation of mock-turtle-shell hair-pins. This collapsed, although hundreds of patents have made fortunes for their owners.

His father died and left him some money. He bought an interest in a mine of solid silver at the subscription-price of two dollars per share. When the price declined to fifty cents he bought more, and when finally he had paid out six dollars a share for assessments, and the stock declined to thirty cents, he traded, on that basis, for mules, and is now trying to breed them on Long Island. The honest dealer who sold him the brood-mules frankly told him that he would have to wait a long time for returns. This sounded safe because it was slow. So he is waiting. He is used to that, for he was brought up in the old-fashioned business way

Manat.

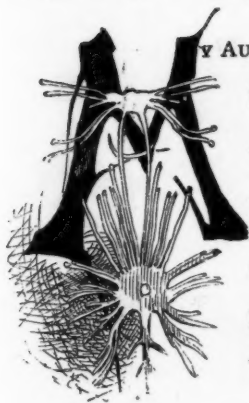


TOO DEMNED DEMOCRATIC.

MR. GOODSALL (on Vestibule Train).—But what do you think of our palace-car service? Is n't that nearly perfect?

LORD HOWLONG.—I think it's an infernal nuisance. It always makes me uncomfortable to see other people as comfortable as I am.

THE SPARE ROOM.



AUNT EUPHEMIA'S spare bedroom —
At Billington Centre — has naught of cheer;
Has much of lugubriousness and gloom.
High is the corn-husk bed and hilly,
A thing for endurance, for discipline;
And the patchwork quilt has colors drear,
And the bolster is hard and the pillows are thin,
And humid the sheets and chilly.

In oval, funereal frames of black
Are the obsolete pictures of dead-and-gone
Distant relatives — hypochondriac,
Unpleasant persons, from their faces;
There is green rep furniture, glued to the wall;
And a wax wreath, fly-bespecked and wan,
And a worsted-worked motto biblical,
And asparagus in the vases.

The windows are closed, and the blinds belike,
In the spare bedroom; and a ghostly breath
And a dark and unearthly odor strike
A quake to the marrow of them that enter;
And subtle suggestions of the tomb —
Of dark afflictions — of grief — of death —
Lurk in the cherished, the spare bedroom
Of my aunt, at Billington Centre.

Emma A. Oppen.

SCIENTIFIC CHAT.

THE FRENCH CHEMIST Le Fou announces the following simple domestic means of removing stains from linen

Mix 1 oz. ethylalcohol with 4 3/4 binoxalate of aluminium and 2 lbs. chloride of gold. Dissolve in 2 kilograms hydrocyanide of methylacetene at 40 degree C. and sweeten to taste with six-carbon-phenol.

THE LATEST ELECTRICAL DEVICE is a machine with four horizontal swinging arms revolving in a vertical plane. The driving shaft, a special feature, is keyed firmly to a diagonal slot, gearing into four six-sided pulleys. On the rack of the shaft is drilled a countersunk lag-screw, and all rivet and bolt holes are upset and turned to scale. The armatures, mounted on water-borne journals at either end, revolve independently, and motion is communicated to the machine by means of a crank turned by an Irishman.

Williston Fish.

A JOKE EXCHANGE NOTE.

There is always a bull market for laughing stocks.



THE MODERN WAY.

CHOLLY.—I—I—I—called to ask—er—er—
HER PAPA.—Yes, yes; you may have her! Take
my blessing!!! This is my busy day!!! Get out!!!!



TOO MILD A DESCRIPTION.

BEAUTY.—This is a nice, simple little bonnet; don't you think so, John?

THE BEAST.—It is more than simple, my dear. It is idiotic.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

TEACHER.—What was Herod's idea in killing off all the children?
COLUMBUS LENOX.—He had flats to rent.

HOW IT SLIPPED OUT.

JACK TENTER.—I don't see why you keep me so long in suspense, Clara. Can't you say "Yes" or "No" right out?

CLARA HOOKS.—Oh, you just wait until we're married, and you'll find I can speak out quick enough!

IN THE SWEAT OF HIS JAW.

BLOWAN BLABB (*labor agitator*).—Well, I've done a good day's work.
"How?"

"I got three hundred men to stop working."

EASY TO FIND.

MRS. DIMSITE.—Willy, have you seen my sleeve buttons?

LITTLE WILLY DIMSITE.—Yes'm. Pa could n't find his own this morning, so he took yours.

MRS. DIMSITE.—All right. I'll wear his. They must be in plain sight somewhere.

DID N'T MISS HIM.

MRS. JOCELYN.—Don't you miss your husband very much, now that he is away?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY.—Oh, not at all. You see, he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his plate, and half the time forget that he really is n't there.

SHE CORRECTED HIS GRAMMAR FIRST.

JACK ASKIN.—Will you marry me?

MISS BEAN (*of Boston*).—Say "shall" please — "will" is for sentiment, you remember, "shall" for fact. *No!*

AMPLE INSTRUCTIONS.

STRANGER.—Can you direct me to Hunter's Point?

NATIVE.—Certainly. Follow your nose, and you will come to it.

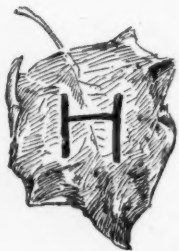




AN UP-AND-UPPER.

HABERDASHER.—Yes, sir; what do you wish?
 HOFFMAN HOWES.—I want a dozen of those turn-down collars that stand up higher than the stand-up collars.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.



HAIL AUTUMN! with thy carnival
 Of color on the lea!
 Hail Autumn! with thy frosty nights
 That rob the chestnut tree!
 For now we 'll have the Plumber's bill;
 The Tragedian, he
 Will count in Hamlet's trunks the ties
 Home from Schenectady.
 The Theatre Party, too, will talk
 And interrupt the play;
 The Anglomaniac's "bags" will drown
 The tumult of Broadway.
 The dweller in Suburban towns
 Will wade through mud and snow;
 The Brooklyn man his offspring push
 With measured step and slow;
 The impecunious Chappie feed
 At counters on Park Row;
 And there 'll be sneers at Boston cult
 And humble Chicago.
 The Summer girl is laid aside
 And scarce will re-appear,
 Except to cut the man she met
 At Newport or the "Pier."



The Landlord of the Swell Resort
 Is, with the scheming Jay
 Who advertised "no insects here,—"
 Till next year put away.
 The scantiness of the bathing dress,
 The youth engaged to four,
 Are out of date and fail to please
 The reader as of yore.
 The Tough Excursion and the Man
 Who 's ill upon the Yacht,
 Lawn Tennis and the Camera Fiend
 Are likewise in this lot
 Of jokes whose season now is past;
 But they will lie perdue
 Until another Summer brings
 Them into print anew.

Frances Zuri Stone.



REASONABLE PROGRESS.

DETECTIVE (to CHIEF).—Somebody has killed a woman and two children in a house on Mulberry Street.

CHIEF.—Have you any clue to the murderer?

DETECTIVE.—No; but I have the house located all right.



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

HOTEL-KEEPER.—What 's the matter here? You 're just raising the deuce!

WAITER.—No, sir; I just dropped the tray!



A REASON FOR MIRTH.

JAY ASTORBILT (pathetically).—You can't think how many calls for money are made upon us poor millionaires.

YOUNG HARDUP.—Poor millionaires! Ha, ha!

JAY ASTORBILT.—You can afford to laugh; you have n't a penny.



A POINT SETTLED.

FIRST DIME MUSEUM MANAGER.—Yes; there 's any quantity o' fakes floatin' round, but a genuine *freak* is a curiosity.

SECOND DIME MUSEUM MANAGER.—That 's what 't is.



FIVE MILES FROM A SALOON.

FARMER WHIFFLETRY.—Hi, there! What are you doin' here?

TOMMY TOWCAN.—Ah, sir; I 'm spoiling a most beautiful thirst!

FOREHANDS.

HAGER.—Those cloud-compellers experimenting in the Southwest seem to be wasting their time and government money to no purpose.

WAGER.—May be so; but I 'll bet they 're all putting by something for a rainy day all the same.

A BOSTON MAID.

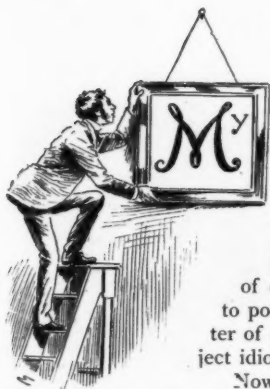
She knows all sciences under the sun,
 She beats the Dutch;
 And that 's why she 's single at forty-one,—
 She knows too much.

CONJECTURAL HISTORY.

TEACHER.—What was the title that the Indians bestowed upon William Penn?

BRIGHT PUPIL.—Dunno. His Nibs, I guess.

PICTURES.



ARTISTIC SENSE has been much vexed with the interior adornment of dwellings. As a private visitor in people's homes I, of course, feign satisfaction with whatever junk I find displayed, and even turn an acceptable compliment on the rare taste which has collected it; but as a public writer of entire candor it becomes my duty to point out to people that in the matter of decoration they appear to be abject idiots.

Now, idiocy, which is so charming in petted belles, protectionists and Anthony Cornstalk, is wholly out of place in the valued citizen, and is therefore to be sedulously avoided.

With regard to pictures, the attitude of people furnishing their houses seems to be about this: that when they have the wall-paper on, the carpets down, and the furniture in, why, then they must have some pictures up.

If they have no pictures, they go downtown and buy some.

Ambitious people, anxious to exhibit consummate taste and refinement in their homes, will often set aside an entire afternoon to go downtown and select pictures.

When the pictures are hung, the house is furnished and finished. That ends it. The people never look at the pictures again; and this not because of good taste, because of no taste at all.

If ever by chance the household finds that a particular picture is ridiculous, it is hung upstairs. For these people never throw away a picture. They apparently believe that a picture which pains a visitor on the ground-floor will simply keel him over with delight on the second story.

I do not think there is any such principle in art.

In every large city there are half-a-dozen large "art"-stores and a hundred small ones. Every wall of every room of every house in the city must have its pieces of framed idiocy, its sections of absurdity, its rectangles of inanity. For furnishing these the "art"-stores receive actual money.

In view of this excessive cost, it is instructive to reflect that all the pictures which the "art"-stores have sent out in the last fifty years are not worth drayage back again.

I may be a very exacting critic of the taste of other people; but so far from recoiling from full responsibility for what I have stated in general, I shall now speak with emphasis in detail:

I publicly denounce all engravings of Faith, Hope and Charity, as tending to provoke Skepticism, Despair and Unkindness.

I denounce all steel engravings of Emerson.

I denounce all young women reading letters and entitled "What Shall the Answer Be?"

I further publicly denounce all pictures of lovers and apple-blossoms; all Empty Sleeves and all Conflicts of the Stags.

I denounce all Women Gathering Fagots.

I denounce all Poor Orphans depicted in poor snow-storms.

I denounce all line-and-stipple Napoleons.

I denounce all Lincolns and His Cabinets, all Washingtons Crossing



SAFE.

HATTIE HARTBROKE.—I never want to see another man as long as I live!

FLORA FLYRT.—But how are you going to avoid meeting them?

HATTIE HARTBROKE.—Well, to begin, I'm going to spend the Summer at the seaside.

the Delawares, all Shaksperes at the Courts of Elizabeths, and all Beatrices, Slave-Girls, Borgian Families and Columbus Discovering Americas.

The above, together with all Reapers, Youths and Ages, Oblivions, Battles of Agincourt, Babylonian Revels and Feasts of Belshazar I do denounce and proscribe, and do adjudge them to be in continuing contempt of good taste.

Why can not the masses of the people understand that art is not a mystery, but that it is a matter of simple Truth and Beauty?

I think they can, and I myself look to see the day when every home, no matter how humble, will be furnished with the true and pleasing originals of the Sistine Madonna, Botticelli's Primavera, Philip the IV. by Velasquez and the Portrait of a Man (though not necessarily of a member of the family) by Rembrandt.

Williston Fish.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.





APPROPRIATE.

MRS. BEGADDSBY (*gushingly*).—What a sublime scene! The solemn grandeur of yonder frowning, cloud-capped mountain fills me with a reverential awe! For ages that grand old monarch has stood, indifferent to tempest and sunshine alike. How weak is Man, how mighty Nature! But, language fails me. Can not you think of something appropriate, Colonel?

COLONEL BITTERS (*a native*).—Wa-al, Ma'am, I reckon "You bet!" is about the proper remark.

THANKSGIVING OR FEASTING?



THE ROOSTER in the hen-house,
The turkey in the yard,
The duck upon the water,
The black hen scratching hard,
The tough old gander waddling,
The piglet at its play,
The rabbit in the wildwood,
The squirrel fat and gray,
Each woke one morning sighing:
"Thanksgiving Day is near,
And that has but one meaning—
The end of my career."

Then came a small bird chirping,
(A sparrow 't was, they say,)
"What fools you are to stand it!
Why don't you run away?"

A great commotion followed.
"I 'll go," each gladly cried,
"To some green spot sequestered,
Where I may safely hide."

Their threats were executed,
And on that day, 't is said,
There were no glad Thanksgivings,
But curses deep, instead.

"O ho!" the sparrow twittered,
And winked his beady eyes;
"Men care not for Thanksgiving,
'T is but the feast they prize."

Clara J. Denton.

BOSTON IS said to have a cat asylum; but it is too late. Chicago has secured Thomas.

A JOINT SESSION—The Thanksgiving Dinner.



SOMETHING LIKE COURT TENNIS.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—Ah, I say, have you any English books on cricket?

DEALER.—No; nothing except Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth."

HOFFMAN HOWES.—Well, give me that.

A KICKER.

THE FULL-BACK punted the ball
With a powerful, accurate stroke,
And kicked it so far toward the goal
That the hearts of his opponents broke.

Whence came this remarkable skill,
This triumph the leather bag o'er?
He served at a Summer hotel,
And trained on the dining-room door.

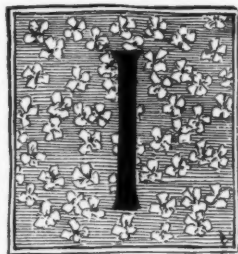


THANKSGIVING NIGHT.

HUNGRY HYSLOP.—Can't you help me a bit, Boss? I hain't had nothin' to be thankful for to-day.

MR. DELMONICO SAVARIN (*who has dined too well*).—Be thankful that you have n't an indigestion!

A TIMID LOVER.



IT WAS one of the hottest days in Midsummer — it was *the* hottest day, in fact. A broiling, roasting, sizzling, horrible heat pervaded the atmosphere, and insinuated itself into the very cog-wheels of your brain, and reduced all good nature to the fighting point. Life was monotony, thought was monotony, everything was concrete, compact, amalgamated monotony itself. I sat in the back office of the *New York Clarion*, and scowled dismally at a pile of manuscripts before me — each separate manuscript of which was a condensed portion of monotony. I thought of Gladys — my Gladys — in the mountains, wearing her sealskin jacket every evening, because it was necessary. (Not to show it off, as some malignant spirits might suggest.) I thought of Doris — my Doris — plunging into the cooling waves of the Atlantic coast, and life was less endurable than ever before. I endeavored to picture myself upon an expedition to the North Pole, climbing over gigantic icebergs, and falling into delicious snow-drifts — but it was of no avail. My imagination ran riot on the Great Desert, and sought vainly for an oasis, while I slowly cooked on the red-hot sands. At this juncture I corralled my imagination, and forbade it wandering forth. Heat-waves floated in through the window, and deposited themselves, strata upon strata, within my room. I relapsed into a state of *coma* — and passed a non-existent existence for some time. A knock sounded upon the door of my tomb — I should say room. Life asserted itself, and the weary body gave vent to a sound which resembled “Kôm.” The door opened, and a pleasant-faced youth entered.

“The editor?” he inquired.

I bowed.

“I believe,” he began, “that you make up your Christmas —” Blessings upon thee, young man, for using that word. I immediately conjured up Santa Claus, snow-rides, skating — “poem” was the next word I heard, and it was evidently the ending of the young man’s sentence, part of which I had missed. But I divined it, at once.

“So you have brought me a Christmas poem?” I ventured, cordially predisposed toward it.

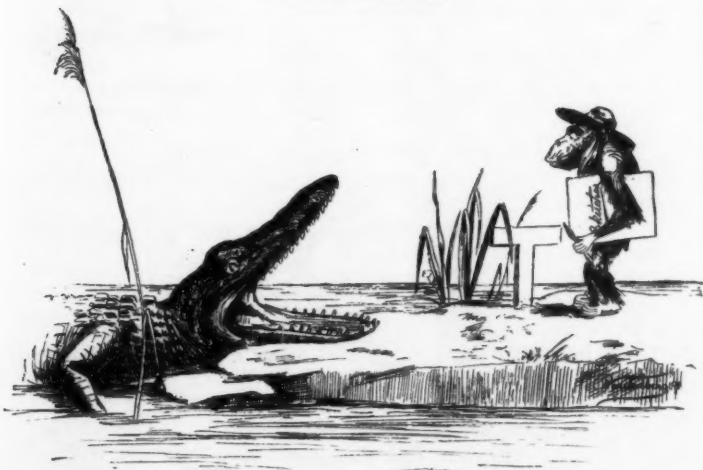
The youth blushed, and handed me a sheet of paper, upon which was written:

A TIMID LOVER.

We sat together Christmas night —
The fire-light shining on her face,
Ever beautiful and bright,
Awoke in it a tender grace.
We sat and talked of common things,
Of what the passing year had brought,
My love was wary of its wings,
Timid, I dared not tell my thought.
While bright coals, live coals, ruddy as
cherries,
I saw in the ashes glow.
Each one suggesting the crimson berries
That hang on the mistletoe.

I longed to take her by her hand,
I longed to tell her of my dream,
The words came not at my command,
I only watched the embers gleam.
I said good night, yet lingered by,
I thought of what I dared not say;
At last we parted with a sigh,
But ever on my homeward way,
Those bright coals, live coals, ruddy as
cherries,
I saw in the ashes glow,
Each one suggesting the crimson berries
That hang on the mistletoe.

It was so suggestive of Christmas — of ice and cold — that I was refreshed. I put my coat on, and smiled for the first time that day. I lit a cigar, and gloried in its pleasant glow. Imagination was set free again, and sat down on a cake of ice and shivered — O delicious shiver! O sub-



“Hurry up! We close at twelve o'clock on Saturday.”

lime shiver! I even began to jot down a Christmas verselet that came into my mind, beginning:

“The icicles hung from Santy’s beard,
His eyes were blinded with snow,
His nose —”

The youth coughed. I looked at him a moment, as if wondering whence he came — then I remembered. He had been a messenger of Rest. Had I to turn him off?

“I am very sorry,” I said, and tears came into his eyes at the gentleness of my tone; “I am very sorry — but, you know that I could n’t print your poem, because — my dear young friend — because the mistletoe has white berries — not crimson.”

Flavel Scott Mines.



AN EXAMPLE TO AGE.

DEACON HARDFACTS (*President Anti-Tobacco Society*) — Young man, I am seventy-nine years old, and I never smoked a puff of tobacco in my life.

YOUNG AMERICA (*puffing cheroot*). — Well, you’re not too old to learn yet. Cato learned Greek at eighty, you know.

AN AMENDED AMENDE-HONORABLE.

DUC DE MONTMORENCI. — Monsieur Barton, what you haf said of me in ze club haf cast a slur upon ze illustrious name I bear. Will Monsieur apologize?

MR. BARTON (*nonchalantly*). — Oh, certainly. In speaking as I did, nothing was further from my intention than to cast a slur upon an honored name —

DUC DE MONTMORENCI. — Your hand, Monsieur.

MR. BARTON (*shaking hands*). — I considered that as an *alias*, you know.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

“I think I’ll go to the Broker’s Church this morning.”

“What is that?”

“We get a sermon over the ticker.”

NOT UNCOMMON.

“Now that I have stated them, sir, don’t you think my aims are lofty?”

“Yes, Mr. Hicks. Your aims are all right, but you are a very bad shot.”



PUCK’S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.

“A Dark Secret.”

“MAMA, MAY I go sailing with Mr. Guyrope?”

“I am afraid, my darling, that you may catch cold.”

“Oh, no, Mama, there is not a particle of breeze blowing!”



A SURE CURE FOR POVERTY — \$ \$ \$.

THE ROAD to ruin is broad; but its entrance is generally through the side-door.

A MAN CAN always keep himself in good credit so long as he does n't ask for it. Paste this in your hat and dodge the fatal request.

"THE EVIL that men do" is rather overdone in the sensation novel. A heated imagination burns passion to a crisp, and holds up to Nature a red-hot stove-lid rather than a mirror.

IT WAS a lucky thing for the "Good Samaritan" that there were no policemen in those days. The officer who discovered the case would have called for an ambulance and arrested him as a witness.

PESSIMISM WOULD flay the skin off this fair world to show the unhand-some corse beneath.

"A STONE'S THROW" is a distance that depends a good deal on the size of the stone. But, then, we are always too ready to accept phrases for facts.

IF "GREAT WIT to madness surely is allied," there is n't much doubt of the sanity of most jokers.

POETS ARE ever inconsistent. Omar Khayyam growls in one place: "Do you think that you are gold, that men should dig you up after death?"—and laments, in another, that the jugs into which man's clay is made can not taste the wine they hold.

FAREWELL.

That money talks I don't deny;
To me it always says "Good-by."



AGREED!

JANE.—Mrs. Lake Shore, do you like the tail ends of the Porterhouse steaks?

MRS. LAKE SHORE (*positively*).—No, indeed!

JANE (*sadly*).—Neither do I.



NO FRILLS.

BRITISH TOURIST (*in Oklahoma*).—Aw, Landlord, 'ave you a shooting-coat you can lend me this morning?

LANDLORD TANNER (*genially*).—Like to oblige ye, but I hain't got none. You don't need it, nohow. If you've got a grudge agin some feller, jest go right out the way you air an' settle it. Does n't make the least difference how you're dressed.

IT WENT.

HER FATHER.—I don't want you to think, Nellie, that your mother and I are at all anxious to have you leave home, or anything like that; but you know that you have younger sisters—and, really, it looks as though you ought to be looking out for a husband.

NELLIE.—Certainly, Papa. (*to herself*.) And now the time has come at last when what I say in this family goes.

A SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.

CHOIR LEADER.—Ach! that vas terrible, Miss Screecher! You haf lost de tune; you are vay oud!

MISS SCREECHER.—That 's all right, Professor; I only went out to get the air.

A GROWING TOWN.

THE MARQUIS OF LIN FOO TSIN.—You say you live in Chicago? What State is it in?

HYDE PARK (*with pride*).—It was in the State of Illanoy; but it is now in the er—United States.



"A plain, blunt man."
Julius Caesar.

AT THE INTERESTING POINTS.

"Are you going to receive bulletins from the foot-ball game?" asked a caller.

"Yes, sir," replied the editor; "we shall put out a bulletin every time a man gets killed."

LOCATED AT LAST.

"The name of a Minnesota legislator is 'Bjorge.'"

"I've heard the name quite often; but I did n't know where the man lived."

AN EX-CHAMPION.

Ah! Science has advanced, until
The charge for the electric light
Has knocked the haughty, old gas bill
Completely out of sight.

A RELIC OF THE OZARKS.



CIRCUMSTANCES and a certain newspaper special recently compelled me to spend a night in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri. Before retiring, the farmer at whose house I had sought shelter, invited me into the front room, and in his homely way sought to entertain me by showing every article of interest. I became acquainted with the name, age and history of each occupant of the photograph album. I looked at samples of the various ores found on his land. But what interested me most, as a relic-hunter, was a piece of perforated card-board, on which was stitched, with colored zephyr, an odd design composed of Indian arrowheads.

His wife informed me that this was the last piece of fancy work done by their only daughter before her death, three years previous.

Now, these arrowheads were of broader and more regular shape than any I had ever seen before. One of them would just complete my collection. I made bold to ask for one. My request was granted; and, detaching the coveted relic, I carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and deposited it in my vest pocket.

Next day I was speeding toward St. Louis. I bethought me of my arrowhead. I took it out and unwrapped it. Yes, there it was. I rubbed it on my sleeve to brighten it up a little bit. Through the accumulated dust and dirt of years, I thought I could detect red stains. Ah! here was a mystery. Poison, brewed who knows how many long years ago, in the tepee of some Indian medicine man. I rubbed it vigorously with my handkerchief. Gradually the red stains assumed the shape of characters.

By dint of perseverance and careful rubbing, I managed to decipher: "MAY I SEE YOU HOME?"

My Indian arrowhead was a candy heart.

LEFT HIM OUT.

"Amerwica faw Amerwicans!"

Young Algy cried of late.

"Ah!" said his friend; "and when do you intend to emigrate?"

AT AN ARIZONA POST.

THE LIEUTENANT (*pointing to the cañon*).—If you don't accept me, to-morrow I shall be down at the bottom of that cañon.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.—

What—dead?

THE LIEUTENANT.

—No—fishing.

THE "BOUNDING WAVES" must be those within the three-mile limit.

"ABSENCE MAKES the heart grow fonder." But not absence of mind.

TAKE CARE of the pennies, and you will soon have a larger amount than will be legal tender.

"WHY DO they say 'sure as a gun?'"

"Because a gun is cock-sure."

A SUMMER RESORT — Iced Drinks.

THE BOGUS DOLLAR is hard to push; but it often is lead.



DEACON KORNFEED.—By gum, he gin it to him, there!

MRS. KORNFEED.—Air yeou readin' the Rev. Mr. Shouter's sermon, Hezekiah?



AMENITIES OF THE BOARD.

MARGENT FLUX (*been a bad day for him*).—Hullo, Dobson, how do?

MORGENROTH.—But I am not Dobson. What for you call me dat?

FLUX.—Oh, because I hate Dobson.

HE WAS N'T IN IT.

"What do you think the best advertising medium?"

"I could n't tell you; I really know very little about the spiritualists."

DOWN TOWARD THE FOOT.

"Don't you know him? Why, he's a prominent limb of the law."

"So? Well, then, the law must be on its last legs."

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.



DEACON KORNFEED.—No; Melinda. I'm jest glancin' over Prof. Corbett's discourse at San Francisco.

THE PINCH OF POVERTY — Salt for its Potatos.

DAMNATION — The Hollanders.

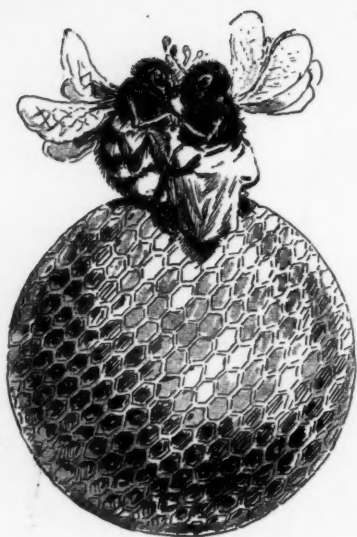
THE MAN who avoids mistakes by never trying to do anything, makes a big mistake.

ABOVE HIS BUSINESS — The Boss.

VERY PETITE ladies doubtless intend to be as truthful as any one; but don't you notice that they almost invariably draw the long beau?

THE MAN who follows the crowd may not always be right; but if he stands aside he is pretty sure to be left.

AN OVERDRAWN ACCOUNT — The Sensational Reporter's Tale.



AN UNWARRANTABLE INTRUSION.



AMONG THE things which mitigate the discomforts of the heated term to the stay-at-home New Yorker may be mentioned Little Neck clams, soft shell crabs, the amber and foamy Teutonic beverage, and the "front-stoop girl."

Bessie Barrows was a member of that sweet sisterhood.

She was a dangerously bewitching maiden of about nineteen New York summers, which implies a greater amount of fun and wisdom than an equal number of years in any other part of the country would indicate.

Her little pointed-toed, patent-leather slipper covered a foot that was a fitting appendage to her slender black-silk-stockinged ankle, and her low-cut gown with open-work sleeves revealed a neck and arms of such soft and tempting whiteness that a certain New Jersey mosquito, who was somewhat of a connoisseur and rather particular where he dined, used to come over from the Hackensack meadows every evening to enjoy them.

The young man who was fortunate enough to sit beside Bessie on the big Daghestan rug that covered the brown-stone steps never indulged in longings for the piny Adirondacks or the island-dotted St. Lawrence. For the first time since he had learned the catechism, he felt entirely content "with that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call him."

Originally there had been a lamp-post exactly in front of the house, but Mr. Barrows had a pull with the Aldermen, which had proven of sufficient strength to tear that lamp-post up by the roots, and transport it two hundred and twenty feet down the block.

So it can hardly be doubted that Ed. Stillman hugely enjoyed smoking his Manuel Garcia on her front stoop. He did this, he said, with a view to driving away the mosquitos; but the Hackensack rounder was a thorough-going man of the world, and frequently remarked that there was nothing equal to the smoke of a good cigar after a hearty meal.

Ed. and Bessie used to sit and plan imaginary trips to Coney Island, Rockaway, and other resorts, but they always agreed eventually that it would be foolish to mingle with the hot and perspiring crowd *that evening*; and they would compromise by going out for the ice-

cream at ten o'clock. Then they would slowly saunter back to the beloved steps again, as serenely happy as though Arcadia were located on the west side of Manhattan Island.

It remained for a soulless and money-grabbing corporation to spoil this dream of bliss.

One day a number of square poles were strung along through the street; then holes were dug to receive them; and a few evenings later the dazzling and infernal glare of an electric light bathed the stoop in noon-day brightness. Bessie went in tears to her father, who protested vigorously to the Mayor and Aldermen; but without avail. The company was powerful, and had come to stay.

But still, no State Legislature has ever been able to grant a charter of sufficiently liberal scope to enable a dozen fussy old millionaires to get the better of one lively and enterprising young woman; and now Bessie is only trying to decide upon the diverse merits of a Summer-garden on the roof and a hammock in the back yard.

Harry Romaine.

TOO STAID.

MISS DAISY CUTTER.—Father, I can never accept Mr. Walstret.

MR. COUPON CUTTER.—Don't be reckless. Consider his wealth and position; and then, he is only thirty-five, and good-looking, too.

MISS DAISY CUTTER.—He may be young in years, Father; but the man who can pass a base-ball bulletin without turning his head to see what the score is, is too old for me.

DURING THE SUMMER SEASON.

MR. RUNYON.—I say it ain't fair.

MANAGER.—What ain't?

MR. RUNYON.—That Loon has the part of an old knight, and wears a shirt of mail, while I have to act the part of a rude barbarian, and get eaten by mosquitos.

A GOOD CLOCK should not run down, but a correct hour-glass must do so always. The man whose ways are different from ours may be doing his duty as well as we are.

A SIX DAY GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE—The Week's Vacation.

A JOKE IS usually carried too far when it is taken from an English comic paper.

ROME WAS a great city. It is the only one we remember that had twin Oldest Inhabitants.



ONE FOR HIS NOBBS.

MR. LOWDON-CADGER.—It is very pleasant, yeh know, when one is twaveling in a foreign countwy, yeh know, to—aw—meet some one who speaks the same language as you do, doncherknow.

MISS ROUNDTURN.—Yes; but have you in all your travels met any one who speaks such a language as you speak?

WHERE SHALL THEY GO?

SUGGESTIONS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES REGARDING THE EXILED RUSSIAN JEWS.

(From the *Labrador Pemmican*.)

The whole civilized world stands aghast at the barbarity of the Czar, who has driven from his dominions five millions of honest, hard-working people. Happily enough, if they come to this hemisphere they will find a region in which race prejudice is unknown, and in whose warm climate they will cease to regret the colder latitude from which they were driven. The vast fertile plains of Brazil offer marvelous inducements to these unfortunate representatives of a great race.



(From the *Chilian Daily Nitrate*.)

The banished and persecuted sons of Israel will find a warm welcome awaiting them on our hospitable shores. We need citizens of the grand old Hebrew race to develop our industries and revive the glories of our commerce. But, unfortunately for us, the climate of Chili has too often proved fatal to those who have come here from the cold, rarified atmosphere of Northern Europe. Northern Dakota presents a field for the labor of these worthy people, which it would be hard to duplicate in this hemisphere.

(From the *Mexican Vaquero*.)

Religious intolerance is, thank heaven, unknown in this country, and it is hard for us to realize that there can exist, at the close of this Nineteenth Century, a sovereign so brutal as to send into perpetual banishment five millions of people, whose sole fault is that they choose to worship their



THE FOREIGNER'S IMPRESSION.

JOINVILLE DE JONES. — Voilà, Monsieur le Baron. We have arrived in sight of the châtelet.

LE BARON. — Ma foi! What a pretty stable you do have! Quelle magnificence! But vere is ze house?

Creator in their own way. It is peculiarly unfortunate for these people that they are unable to adapt themselves to the climate of those tropical or semi-tropical lands which would gladly welcome them. In fact, it is only in Patagonia that the wanderers will be able to find the haven which they seek.

OUR BARBER'S CONVERSATIONAL REPERTOIRE.

SHOWING HOW HE CHOOSES HIS TOPICS WITH TASTE AND JUDGEMENT.



"I hear things are picking up a little in the dry goods line. I s'pose these recent failures have kinder unsettled trade. Do you like a close or an easy shave?"



"Have you tried this here new brand of cigarettes they're advertising lately — 'Greenwood Whiffs'? They tell me they're all the go. Have a little oil on?"



"It makes me smile to read this stuff in the papers about purifying politics. I tell you these swallow-tail dudes don't know nothing about running a city government. You mustn't rub this till it gits thoroughly dry."



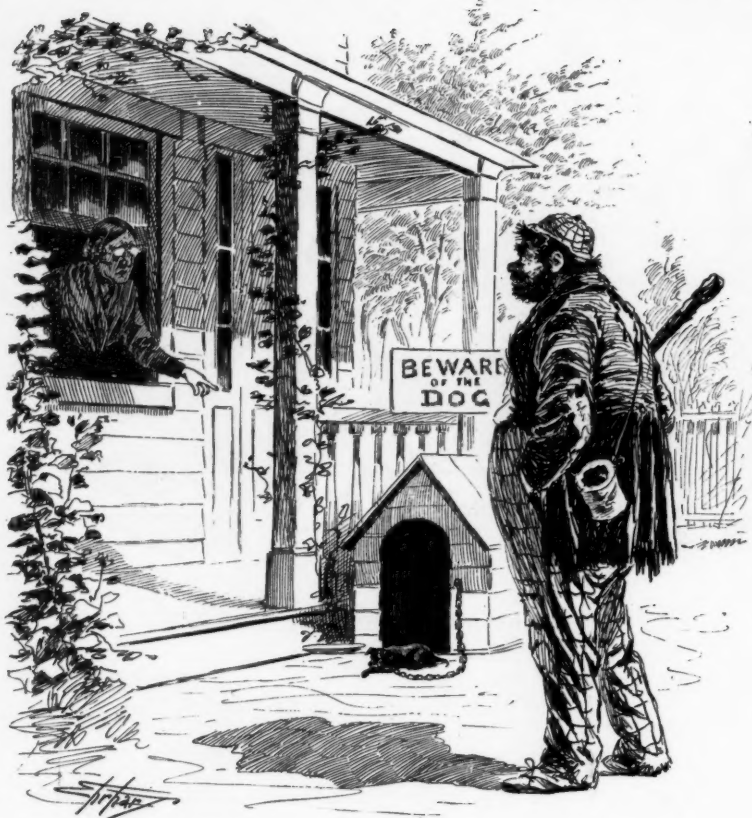
"A little quiet, I presume, in the show business, just now; weather's gittin' too warm. Sit up a little higher, please."



"This here Ibsen craze seems to be havin' a big run in Boston, lately. Do you want it cut short, or only jest trimmed?"



"I expect this World's Fair business and the real estate boom must be makin' things hum in Chicago, these days. Better let me clip your whiskers a little."



NO EVIL INTENTIONS.

MRS. PURPLE.—Look out, there, for the dog!
 SYDNEY PHILLIPS.—Don't be alarmed, Madam, I would n't step on him for the world.

THE DIVIDED HERO.

THE SUN of a golden May afternoon was streaming beneath the lowest branches of the pines that guarded the western edge of the village graveyard. I had been out for a glorious walk across country, and the sweet Spring air, just touched with a fading memory of frost, raced in my blood as I leaped the low wall that enclosed God's acre, and struck into one of the grass-grown paths leading toward the village street.

I had forgotten what day of the year it was, until I saw the little flags fluttering from grave to grave, and the wreaths and bunches of flowers lying here and there on the green mounds. How many graves of soldiers are hidden away in every little hamlet in the North! And how, all through the land, the village grave-yards blossom on Memorial Day, like gardens watered by the tears of a nation!

Glancing down the little cemetery, I saw that, even at this late hour of the day, it was not yet quite deserted; for one old man, himself crippled and time-worn, if not war-worn, was bending over a grave that lay just beyond the shadow of the pines, and plaiting with patient care a festoon of wild flowers over the low, slate-colored headstone.

Turning aside, I threaded my way through the narrow paths, or recollections of paths, till I stood over the solitary mourner. He looked up quickly, and moved his crutch a little to one side, like a man of hospitable instincts, who, deprived of the opportunity to set a chair, involuntarily indicates by gesture that he is glad to see you.

"You have some lovely trilliums there," I said; "and those blood-roots are the largest and finest I have seen this Spring."

"Yes, but they are both quick-fading flowers," replied the old man, sadly. "I wish I had something that would last longer."

"I wonder," I said, "that the floral committee did not leave a wreath on this soldier's grave, as on all the others?"

"Oh," cried the veteran, with a touch of mingled pride and tenderness in his voice, "they always leave me to provide for this grave myself. They know they can depend on me. I never forget it."

"Ah, yes," I answered. "Here lies, doubtless, a dear son, or brother, or perhaps a bosom friend, a companion on the march?"

"Yes, yes," murmured the old man, thoughtfully; "a companion on

the march." And he began again to interlace the long stems of a bunch of trilliums.

"May I ask where the noble fellow lost his life?" I continued.

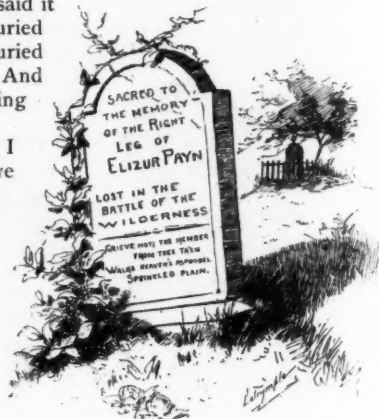
"Certainly—cut off in the Battle of the Wilderness," replied the old man. Then he continued, in a reminiscent strain: "Brought back to camp on the same litter with me; sent home with the poor soldier at his dying request—at least," (and he looked up apologetically,) "the doctors said it was my dying request—and buried where I calculated to have been buried—and, in fact, am partly so." And again he looked up, with a confiding smile.

I thought I understood, as I watched the trembling fingers weave the flower-stems in and out. Some of us have known what it is to go down into the grave with our dear ones.

"Bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh," I said, sympathetically.

The old man nodded three or four times; and then added: "Yes, very much so." As he knelt there, bare-headed, a sudden gust of wind tossed the veteran's white hair, and the frail festoon of wild flowers which he was striving to twine about the grave-stone, beat and dashed itself wildly about. In another instant one of the slender flower-links parted, and the whole chain fell in snowy ruin upon the grass. I stooped quickly to help the old man gather the blossoms together, and, as I did so, I ran my eye hastily over the inscription on the headstone.

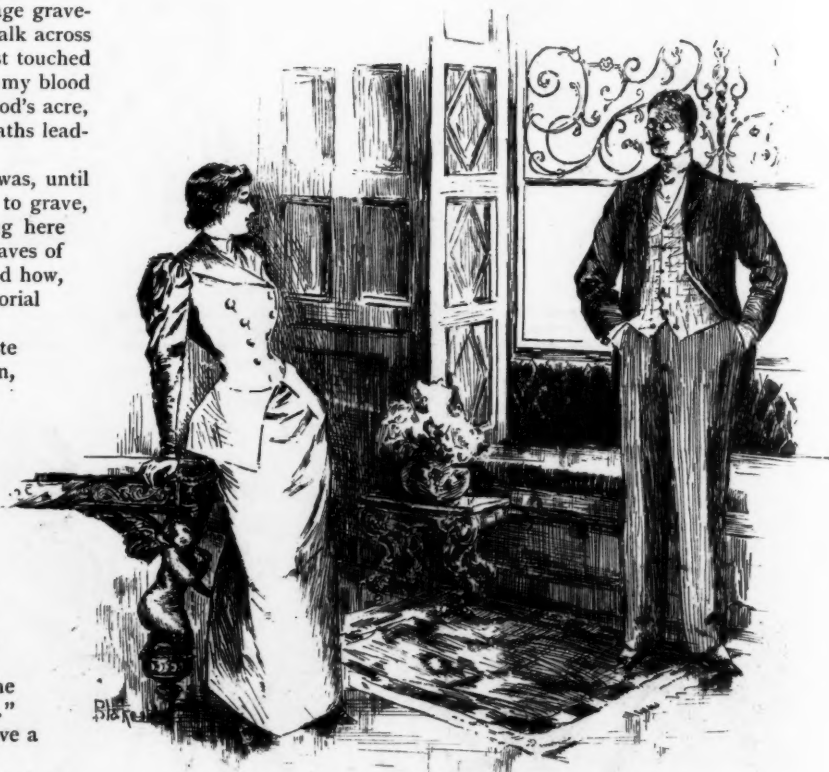
Paul Pastnor.



THE OLD WOMAN who "lived in a shoo" evidently had neighbors who kept hens.

"HALF THE WORLD does n't know how the other half lives." If it did, it would know more than the other half itself.

DAME NATURE's consistent,
 All men will allow,
 When they notice the Jersey's
 A cream-colored cow.



WINNER, OR LOSER?

GEORGE.—Would you marry me under any circumstances?

MAUD.—No; why do you ask?

GEORGE.—Just to decide a bet.

SHATTERED HOPES.



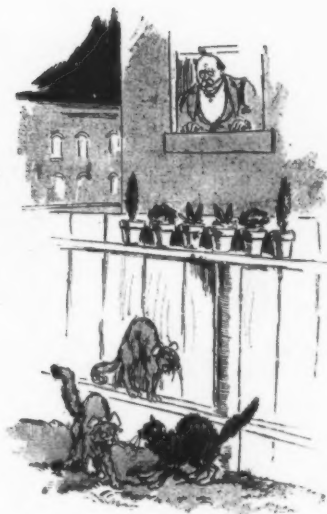
Mr. Singleton presents his pretty neighbor with a few plants—



— which she disposes artistically thus:—



— or, as viewed from Mr. Singleton's side of the fence, thus:—



— So, when the disturbance begins—

A TAILOR-MADE JOKE.

MR. OLIVER JEX (*displaying his London suit*).—How is this for a fit?

MR. SNIPPEN SHEERS (*critically*).—Well, it is decidedly apoplectic.

A FATAL DEFECT.

LAFFAN B. FATT.—I tell you that jokes are evolved, like everything else.

C. NICOLL SNEER.—Well, they don't obey the same laws as other evolved things.

LAFFAN B. FATT.—Indeed!

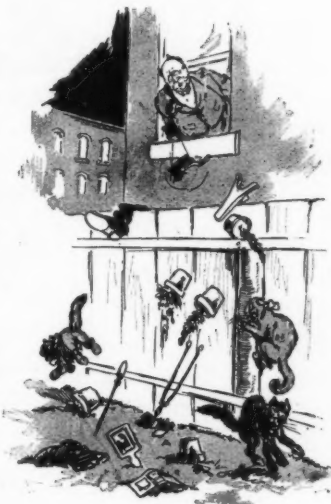
C. NICOLL SNEER.—They don't seem to be affected by the law of the "survival of the fittest."

THEY ALL DO THAT.

MRS. BROOK.—My husband keeps account of every drink he takes.

MRS. BANKS.—Are you sure?

MRS. BROOK.—Oh, yes; the dear fellow says he never gets one that he does n't put it down!



— he not unnaturally mistakes the origin of the uproar;—



— but is undeceived the next morning, when he comes down to gather up his missiles.

A GOOD REASON.

CUSTOMER.—Your ten-cent shine is n't as good as your five-cent one.

BOOTBLACK.—I know it, sir; that's the reason I charge more. They injure my reputation.

NECESSARILY.

Marriage is a failure when the man handles all the assets, and the woman all the liabilities.

APRIL SHOWERS.

SHARP.—Renthaus is going to move again.

FLAT.—How do you know?

SHARP.—He's using up the back steps for kindling.

A LOCAL LYRIC.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the muddy crossings
In Manhattan's land.

ANOTHER INFANT PHENOMENON.

NUPOP.—Maria, I believe that baby knows now what it took Sir Isaac Newton a life of thought to find out.

MRS. NUPOP.—How absurd! What do you mean?

NUPOP.—Just notice how he tilts that bottle to gravitate the milk his way.

THE BOSTON MAID.

She's sweeter than the flowers she treads,
The day is brighter when she walks;
But, oh, the dictionary feels
Acute lumbago when she talks!



LABOR CONQUERS all things, but it has to wrestle pretty hard with the Walking Delegate.

EVIL SOMETIMES meets with the same result as good. The wolf at the door finds the cupboard in the same shape that it opened to Mother Hubbard's dog.

THE "WEE SMA' HOUR" GLASS is an article that causes the sands of life to run quickly.

AN ALMANAC is the cemetery to which the aged joke is driven at last.

OTHER FOLKS dislike to get into hot water; but the housekeeper hates to get out of it.

COLONEL GLASS.—You tell me there are water snakes?

PROFESSOR BUGGS.—Why, certainly!

COLONEL GLASS.—Dear me! With water snakes and whiskey snakes, what is a man to do. He is in danger of dying of thirst.

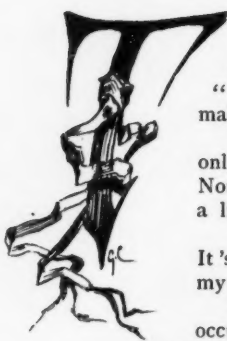


GOOD THINGS COME HIGH.

"What's the matter? Sore neck?"

"Oh, I have been looking at all the good pictures at the Academy! This is the result."

A WOMAN'S WAY.



THEY WERE going to the matinee. They had scarcely been seated in a Sixth Avenue car when the lady turned to him and said: "How frightfully hot this car is! I'm sure it will make my head ache."

There was an open car just behind, and it was only the work of a moment to make the change. Nor was it a much longer period of time when, with a little shiver she remarked:

"I had no idea these open cars were so drafty. It's a pity, because the lightest draft always brings on my neuralgia."

As they neared their destination, the usual blockade occurred. A glance at his watch showed my friend that there was no time to lose if they wished to witness the rise of the curtain. They alighted in the middle of the block, and as they picked their way along, she said pettishly:

"How awfully muddy the street is!"

At last they reached the crossing. It had just been swept. Bending her head toward him, she whispered confidentially:

"Do you know, I'm so sorry I put on my rubbers. I thought the walking would be so bad."

A CORRECTION.

"I hear that Dufferly has been thrown on his own resources, lately."

"H'm! I guess you mean that he's been thrown on the resources of his friends!"

A SURE SIGN.

"Is Von Schleim a great writer?"

"He must be. His publishers are getting out an expurgated edition of his works."

A HAPPY OCCASION.

HYAND LOWE.—Did you go to Mrs. Chinwag's reception?

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Yes. It was a far more enjoyable affair than was expected.

HYAND LOWE.—How was that?

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Spowter, who was expected to recite, failed to appear.

NED.—Did old Mr. Threads say anything about a *dot* when you asked him for Sylva?

JACK.—No; he used dashes.

HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

VISITOR.—Johnny, do you speak the truth?

JOHNNY.—Yes'm; and I can lie pretty well, too.

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

"Do you think Withers, the poet, will live?"

"He may—if he hides."

MAN MAY BE in "the conflux of eternities," but he is mighty likely to forget it when waiting for two women to make change at an L-road station.

SALVATION IS free; but the soulless corporations who have no interest in it continue to charge clergymen half fare. There is no chance for an exchange of passes.

KING OF THE STORM —
Ship Rex.

DON'T ROB YOUR check-book of its sap by tearing off the leaves.

AN INSPECTOR OF CUSTOMS —
The Curious Traveler.

A SWEET VOICE.

MISS KEYES.—Ever since you have been talking to me I have been struck by something familiar in your voice. It reminds me so much of Mr. Wyckoff's. Do you know him?

MR. SCHOIRS.—No; where does he sing?



QUALIFIED.

RESTAURANT-KEEPER (to APPLICANT for place as carver).—What is your experience? Did you ever work for a butcher?

APPLICANT.—No; but I was an ambulance surgeon. See?

HOLDING THEIR OWN.

TOM DE WITT.—These trousers hold their shape well, Schneider.

SCHNEIDER.—It's all in the making, sir.

TOM DE WITT.—I thought so; you see they bagged at the knees the first day I wore them, and they've kept the same shape ever since.

SHE WAS ANGRY.

"What have you in that package?" asked Mrs. Wanterno of her husband.

"Nothing that you would be interested in, my dear," replied Mr. Wanterno.

"I think you might tell me what it is."

"Well, if you must know, it is a ribbon for my typewriter."

"A ribbon for your typewriter? And it's nothing that I would be interested in!" exclaimed Mrs. Wanterno.

"What's the matter now?" asked her husband, who inferred from his wife's manner that she was thoroughly angry.

"You can unblushingly acknowledge to me that you have bought a ribbon for your typewriter, and at the same time tell me it is nothing that I would be interested in!"

And she slammed the door behind her as she went home to her mama's to relate the most recent instance of man's perfidy.



THE MAN WHO admires the good old times, should remember that he can get rid of them by merely shutting his book. His ancestors were not so lucky.



LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

ERNEST.—Oh, darling, say that you will be mine! I can not offer you a palace, but we can experience the delights of love in a cottage.
MAY.—Where is your cottage—at Newport?

LESSONS FOR LITTLE MECHANICS.

III.—HOW TO MAKE AN OCEAN STEAMER.

AFTER HAVING thoroughly mastered the preceding lessons, "How to Saw Off a Piece of Board," and "How to Drive a Nail,"* the Little Mechanic may wish next to present his aunt or pretty cousin with an Ocean Steamer for a birthday present. Very good. Nothing could be simpler.

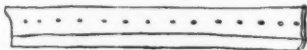


FIG. I.—PLAN OF HULL.

Procure from any good steel foundry (Krupp's is a reliable place, if you live in Germany), a hull of two or three hundred feet in length. It ought not to cost you more than a few dollars—especially if you can get it second-hand. Then paint it thoroughly with any good paint, laying on the color with a stick, at the end of which a tuft of bristles is secured. The house-painter will, for a few shillings, gladly tell you how to lay the strokes. It would be well to put down some newspapers upon the floor of your workshop, as the paint will be difficult to wash out if you allow it to dry upon the marble floor.

Fit neatly around the gunwales (pronounced "gunnel") a deck of the turtle-back shape, and fasten it in place with rivets. If you find it difficult to set the rivets yourself, the village blacksmith will gladly, for a few shillings, devote his evenings to this work. But he should be cautioned to hammer softly, as some people find riveting very disquieting to the nerves.

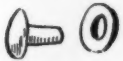


FIG. III.—A RIVET.

As for the engine, while we might easily give you directions for making one, yet we would counsel you to procure one from some firm going out of business. It can be had for a few shillings, if you will watch sharply for a bargain. Those with triple-expansion cylinders are to be preferred, but are not essential. Rub it bright with sand or emery-paper. You can make a fair quality of sand-paper for yourself by spreading glue upon common wrapping-paper, and sifting sand upon it ere it dries.

Now for the smoke-stack. Obtain some sheet iron, not too stiff to roll easily. Roll it into a cylinder of the proper size, insert in the aperture left in the deck for the purpose, and attach bits of picture-wire or steel-rope large enough to keep it in place. The captain's bridge, masts and yards and



FIG. IV.—SMOKE-STACK.



FIG. II.—PAINT BRUSH.
A.—Handle.
B.—Bristles.



FIG. V.—SISTER NELLIE.

The propeller is an important part of the vessel. It is used, as, indeed, its name implies, to propel the boat. It turns rapidly in the water and drives the boat along. As experience alone will enable one to decide upon the proper size and pitch of the propeller, no directions can be here given to aid the Young Mechanic. Let him procure his phosphor-bronze and hammer away. No bright boy can fail if he have sufficient perseverance. Let your motto, therefore, be: "Root, hog, or die!" and go bravely on.



FIG. VI.—ROUGH SKETCH OF PROPELLER.

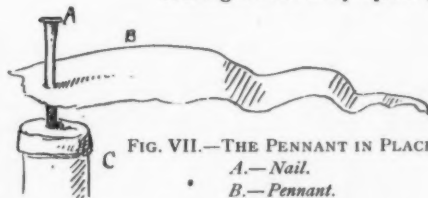


FIG. VII.—THE PENNANT IN PLACE.
A.—Nail.
B.—Pennant.
C.—Mast.

Having affixed the propeller, as already described, there remains a last finishing touch, which you can add for yourself.

Climb to the top of the mast, and, having first secured from a haberdasher, for a few shillings, a remnant of the right size and color, fasten the pennant to the top of the topmast or truck.

This may be done by means of a ten-penny-nail (to be had at the nearest undertaker's), and your task is done. Your sister Nellie may christen the boat "The Paralytic," or any other pretty name; and when she is launched she will be a present of which no aunt could fail to be proud.

FIG. VIII.—THE STEAMER COMPLETE.



* See *The Youths' Oracle* for June and July, of 1776.



PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

MISS FLORA WALL.—Jessie Stryker seems to be quite successful in absorbing the attention of that rich old Mr. Doddering.

MISS MINNIE BALL.—Oh, yes! Your know, her motto is: "Where there 's a will, there 's a way."

INTERNAL REVENUE.

FONDLEY.—Yes; I smoke a trifle, and I like a little ale, you know; but not more than three or four quarts, and a dozen cigars of an evening.

UNCLE EBEN.—Good gosh! Whar do ye wear yer rev'nue stamp, Mister?

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

JULIA.—What did you give your Brooklyn friend for Christmas that made him so pleased?

MARIE.—A ready-made plush necktie.



"JUST ABOVE HIS
BREATH."

HOW NATURE APPORTIONS.

"He hardly seems bright enough to run a paper."

"Oh, pshaw! he does n't run it—he owns it."

HE WOULD FIND IT SO.

MRS. FROST.—Now, Benny, if you go skating without permission you 'll catch it.

BENNY FROST.—Why, it is n't contagious, is it, Mama?

A DISTURBER OF THE PEACE.

MAGISTRATE.—What is the charge against this citizen?

POLICEMAN.—Distoornin' th' pace, y'r anner. He waz runnin' an' yellin' "stop thafe."

MAGISTRATE.—Was n't he really chasing a thief?

POLICEMAN.—Oi did n't ax, y'r anner.

INFANT DAMNATION — The Cigarette Industry.

LIGHTNING TALKERS — Fire Insurance Agents.

A GRIP-SACK — The Doctor's Saddle-bags.

"SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS" — Twenty Years' Service at One Desk.

THE MAN who laughs in his sleeve should be relegated to the society of him who talks through his hat.

NOT NECESSARY.

TOM BIGBEE.—Howell Gibbon has a new English overcoat; and when he comes around, tell him it does n't fit, just for a joke.

G. WASHINGTON SMITH.—But I don't want to tell a lie.

TOM BIGBEE.—You won't have to.

WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?

MANAGER.—How did you like the play the other evening?

CRITIC.—I did n't like it at all.

MANAGER.—Did n't like it? Why, there were over four hundred people on the stage at one time in the last act!

A UNION OF TYRANTS.

MRS YOUNGWIFE.—O John! I have such terrible news!

HUBBY.—What is it, dear?

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—Our cook is going to marry the janitor. Whatever will become of us?

MIGS.

MR. B. Z. NESS.—Harry is old enough to begin to think about a trade.

MRS. NESS.—He is doing very well at a trade now.

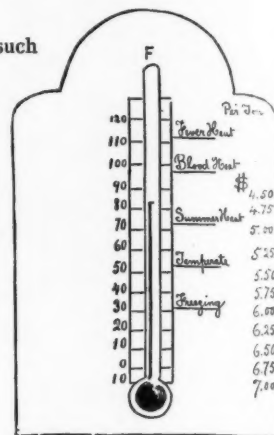
MR. NESS.—In what line, pray?

MRS. NESS.—Marbles.

A PARALLEL.

"Is Branksmere a good writer?"

"Well, if you can imagine Thackeray with nervous prostration, you can get an idea of what Branksmere is."



THE COAL-MAN'S
PRICE-LIST.

AN ARISTOCRAT.

FIRST WALKING DELEGATE.—Th' new prisidint av this road is no friend av th' workin'man.

SECOND WALKING DELEGATE.—Indade he is not. Oi pashed 'im on th' strate yisterday. "It 's dhry work walkin'," says Oi. "It is," says he; but he niver wunst asked me t' tak' a drink.

BETTER THAN NOTHING.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—What are you wearing a Spring overcoat in the middle of Winter for?

UPSON DOWNES.—To help me keep warm.

AN AMICABLE AGREEMENT.

She wore the violets of Yale,

And I, a Harvard rose;

And, though she seemed so slight and frail,

We almost came to blows.

With wordy argument we fought,

With passion and fatigue,

Until, at last—a happy thought!—

We formed "A dual league."

Harry Romaine.



A WISH REALIZED.

POET.—I do wish something that rhymes with "boat" would strike me!



The Friendly Frog.



The Educated Whisker.



The Sticktight Mortarboard.



The Hot-house Fly Protector and Hair Forcer.

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.



AND ABOUT THIS SEASON ariseth the Young Man with a vacation. And forasmuch as he hath two weeks' time of his own to spend as he seeth fit, yea, even a fortnight, he goeth about and taketh counsel with his friends and with his friends' friends, and with the stranger at luncheon, where he may bestow himself for that space of fourteen days and fourteen nights.

And in the end, being tempted thereunto by a total stranger, he shall elect the village of Pohokus, which is over against the junction called Doodleville, on the left branch of Squawgum River, and nigh unto Loonbunk Lake.

[Now the place called Pohokus is the abomination of desolation; neither are there any trout there: and the ways of the people are deceitful; and they have neither manners nor butchers' meat among them; and after righteous men have once known them they are accursed and spat upon, nor shall any righteous man have dealings with them after he hath once gotten himself a receipt. Selah!]

And the Young Man maketh ready for his vacation, and he hireth him a room. And by the bond that he maketh with the boarding-house keeper, it is cool, light and airy; and likewise the board is liberal; and moreover, there is excellent shooting and fishing.

And he taketh with him a Sporting Friend, and they go together unto the shop of him that sells sporting goods, and the Young Man buyeth divers and sundry rods and lines and flies and reels, and a shot-gun, and cartridges therefor. And these things he buyeth as he is directed by his Sporting Friend. And the same knoweth so much that the shopman is sick at heart, and is minded privily to kill him; but holdeth his hand. For he knoweth full well that the Sporting-Friend is but as a sucker who bringeth other suckers into the net; and therefore doth he bear with the Sporting Friend, and suffereth him to live.

And the Young Man, being arrived at Pohokus, sayeth unto himself: "Lo, now will I fish, and now will I shoot, and now will I do such things that the name of the great hunter Nimrod shall be as mud unto my name, yea, even as the mud of Jersey and that which is trodden of the goats in Harlem."

But he doeth now one of these things.

For, verily, there be girls in Pohokus, even Summer girls, and of these one layeth hold upon him, and possesseth him; and he is as one possessed of a devil. For he doth naught but follow that girl, and take her to drive in the chariot of the boarding-house keeper, and walk with her in the lanes, and sit with her upon the verandah; and the rust eateth into his gun, and his rod warpeth upon the wall of his room.

And his vacation being come to an end, even unto the end of the fourteen days, he goeth unto his Sporting Friend, who is the companion of his travels, and saith unto him: "Lo, now, I have hired these many chariots, and this much gold have I spent for ice-cream and for the like; and the girl goeth back to her own people, for it is the end of the season; and she will have none of me, but is plighted in marriage to him of the red hair who dwelleth in the Annex. Therefore now of thy goodness buy of me this the equipment of a sportsman that I purchased by thy counsel; for I would fain buy me a ticket home."

But his Sporting Friend saith: "Nay, for what shall I do with the equipment of a Novice? Am I not a Sport, and shall the gear that sufficeth thee suffice me also?" But in the end he buyeth it at one-half the price that the Young Man gave for it to the Shopman; and that Sport is



A Cue from the Chinese.

well-contented in his heart, for never hath he owned aught so good.

And this is the end of the vacation of the Young Man; and the end is bitterness and sunburn upon the neck, even as it was of years aforetime and shall be in years to come. Selah!

LIFE AS REGULATED BY THE MERCURY.

GO, MARY, get my seal-skin coat, my respirator, too, Likewise my woolen underwear, and warm them through and through.

It is the middle of July, and cold and clear the day, And I am in a hurry for my shopping on Broadway. Lay out my large umbrella, I shall need it if it snows, And get my purse down from the shelf. I can but heed the woes

Of New York's poor who suffer on just such days as these — No money to buy wood or coal — how can we let them freeze?

And pack my hand-bag with the things I wore in broiling June, I must be gone the whole day long, it might grow warm by noon;

Put in a fan, my black mull gown, my lightest Oxford ties, It may be ninety-eight by twelve, and forethought is but wise. Then in some ladies' toilet-room I'll change from head to feet, And in a trice walk out attired a "Summer Girl" complete. Don't give the orders until noon — for dessert. Something nice. If it's sixty, have plum-pudding — if one hundred, lemon ice!

A.



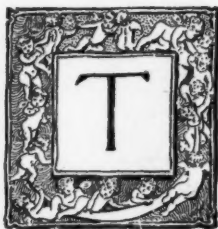
A RAPID AGE.

UNCLE ABNER (of Gray Forks). — What's the matter, Maria? You look kinder doleful.

MARIA. — I was over in the graveyard to-day, Abner; and I tell you this 'ere place is gettin' too lively. Why, there was a lot o' new graves o' people I never hear'n tell on!

ECHOS OF SUMMER.

I.



THEY ARE sitting on the rocks, watching the moon rise.

He a tall young man, brown-haired, dark-eyed, well-tanned, athletic; she a delicate little thing, with a wealth of fluffy, golden hair, a pair of big innocent blue eyes, and a timid way of uplifting them.

The place is sheltered, the time romantic as a full moon and a warm Summer night can make it, yet they sit apart, she gazing idly out to sea, he watching her with tender yet distant admiration.

True, in his inmost soul, he longs to be beside her, to sit with her as he has sat with other pretty girls upon the rocks; but when he moves the least bit nearer, she raises those startled, innocent eyes of hers — and he remains where he is.

"No," said he to himself, as he stood by his rock and gazed confidentially at the moon; "I don't believe she'd let me do it. She's not that kind of a girl."

Again they are alone together, wandering slowly down a quiet path, across an old and railless country bridge. The planks are none too wide, yet the expediency of single file seems to occur to neither of them.

"It is so very narrow," he murmurs, self-excusing, as of necessity he draws her away from the dangerous edge.

Again she uplifts those innocent blue eyes.

"It's narrower further on," she answers.

R. W. B.

II.

I was sitting by the banks of a lake — no matter what lake, my friend. I was alone, but the soft hum of the mosquitos and the sensuous buzz of the locusts served me for company in the soothing August air, and I needed no other companionship in my reverie.

How long I had sat thus in idle dreaming I do not know; but at last I was aroused by the sound of oars, plashing irregularly the waters of the lake.

I looked up. There, not fifty feet from the shore was a row-boat.

The night was dark, and I could barely distinguish two figures in silhouette — one in the waist of the boat, resting on the oars; the other sitting in the stern, its elbows on its knees. This was no unusual sight on the lake, and I was about to resume my reverie, when I noticed a sudden movement on the part of the silhouette at the oars, and then there was only one amorphous silhouette; then across the water came a deep masculine voice, rich with experience:

"Da-arling!" it said.

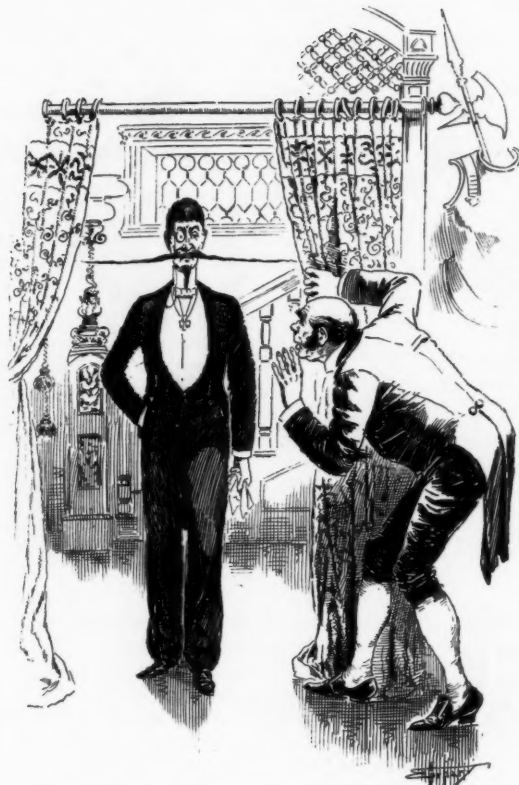
In reply a soft, cooing feminine note — "Da-arling!"



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

"Ah, goot morning! Out for a valk, I see?"

"Sh-h-h—! Dis ish my son's pirthtay, and I'm gifing him a treat. Don't say noding — he don't know dat der toll has been remofed."



COUNT D' ASSEY'S RECEPTION.

THE BUTLER (at the drawing-room entrance).—Shlip in sideways, sor. Th' coortain 's shtuck!

It was too much for poor, lonely me. In the ecstasy of the moment some force within me impelled me to cry out, too:

"Da-arling!"

The charm was broken. Once more there were two silhouettes, one pulling with all its might at the oars; the other reclining innocently in the stern of the boat.

F. S. Rogers.

A CHILLING RECEPTION.

"What did you do on earth?" asked Saint Peter of the latest arrival.

"I owned several flat houses, and lived off the income from them."

"Then I'm afraid you would n't be happy in Heaven. You see, we take children here. Please step into the elevator. It is about to go down."

SHE WONDERED.

MAUD.—Do you play chess, Mr. Lingard?

MR. LINGARD.—No; what made you think I did?

MAUD.—Nothing; only it seems to take you forever to make a move.

AN ADVANTAGE.

"Are you glad school has begun again, Willie."

"Yes; sir. Very."

"I am glad to hear you speak so."

"Yes; I'm awful glad. Me and Billie Jones can play hookey now whenever we wants to."

PROBABLY THE LEFT.

D'AUBER.—That plaque is hand-painted.

CARPER.—With which hand?

IN THE WINGS.

LOWGEE (the Basso).—There is a critic over there listening to the music.

HEISEE (the Tenor).—Oh, no; he is n't. He is listening to the discords.

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, TO-MORROW WE DIE.

FIRST TURKEY.—That's right. Eat all you can get, so that you will be fat by Thanksgiving Day. I am no such fool!

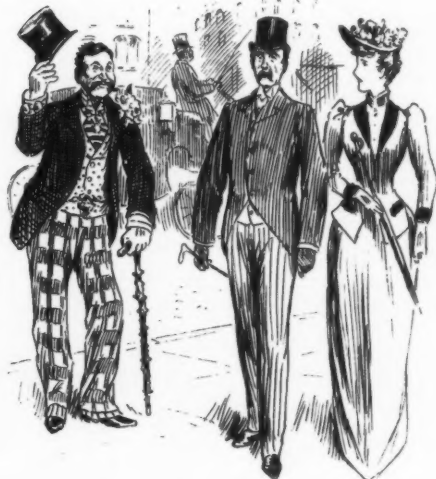
SECOND TURKEY.—Huh! What good will it do you to be lean? Don't you suppose they will want turkey in boarding-houses?

EVE WAS the first dress-reformer. She turned over a new leaf in the Fall fashions.

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.



Save us from the friend who sends promiscuous friends of *his* to us, with letters of introduction.



Save us from the friend with the loud taste in clothes, who never fails to greet us with effusive cordiality.



Save us from the friend who is building a house in the country, and wants to show the plans to everybody.



Save us from the athletic friend who exhibits his strength on every occasion.



Save us from the old family friend who knew our grandfather when he first started in business, and tells us all about it every time we meet him.



And save us, oh, save us from the friend who is in love, and won't talk of anything but the object of his affections.



A MAN OF NERVE.

A broad-striped coat, a dotted vest,
Checked trousers, a red tie,
A stove-pipe hat, a colored shirt,
A collar very high,
A pair of patent-leather shoes,
Oh, picturesque display!
I thought it was a dummy,
Till it slowly walked away.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC EPITHET.

DR. PRECISE.—You call Micklowsky a rank Communist. Is n't that a contradiction in terms?
DR. PUNCTUM.—Not at all. He is one who, ignoring caste, wishes to hold the title to everything owned by somebody else.

BADLY NEEDED.

MR. HEDAIK (*in auction-room*).—And have n't you really got a silent partner?
AUCTIONEER.—No; why?
MR. HEDAIK.—Because I thought you made noise enough for two!

WORTH TRYING.

MABEL.—Do you suppose George Poor would be base enough to marry me for my money?
MADGE.—Well, you might flash a copy of *Bradstreet's* on him some day.

PREFERRED CREDITORS—The Man who was Tired of having Everyone his Debtor.

TO A SCAMPER.

He'd half-do everything he tried—
'T was really very sad, too.
Completeness he could not abide,
And finished naught, save when he died,
And then, Egad! he had to.



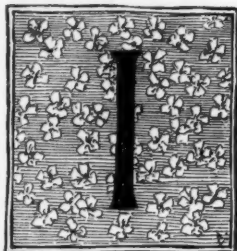
MAKING A PLEASURE OF A DUTY.

WITH SOME JUNE DANDELIONS.

THE poets who write on plants and flowers should learn something of botany and gardening. Here, for instance, is MR. CLINTON SCOLLARD, and a poet beyond the average he is, writing in *Harper's Young People*:

"When June has come, and all around
The dandelions dot the ground."

All in tranquil ignorance that in this latitude the dandelions appear in March sometimes, in April always; and are gone before May is over, so that if they dot the ground in June, the dots must be very few and far apart.—*N. Y. Sun*, June 6th, 1891.



SEND SOME dandelions gay
I plucked this morn,
The while the dew all pearly lay
On rose and thorn.
While all the robins were in tune
In the rose banks of June.
A many more along the lawn
On waving stems
Shone in the dewy kiss of dawn
Like Indian gems.
I found them blowing by the score
On June's bright sunny shore.

I never saw them sweeter look
Than on this day
In every shadow-haunted nook;
April or May
No finer specimens could show
Than these in June a-blow.

I see them now the mead invade
Like shining coins,
Just where some trembling apple-shade
Another joins,
Waving in delicate unrest
Upon June's fragrant breast.

A fancy of the marriage moon
Unto them clings,
With their suggestive golden boon
Of wedding rings.
Warm breezes kiss these flowers rare
Entangled in June's hair.

Oh, let them on your table fade
Softly away,
When mellow Autumn paints the glade
In colors gay.
They may remind you sweetly of
Bright June, the month of Love.

SUMMIT, N. J., June 6th, 1891.

R. K. M.

SOME OLD SAWS are too slow for New York. It is the man who seeks the office who demands rapid transit.



AN AFTER-DINNER SPIN.

MR. GREENBAUM (to friend).—You see, mine son lky vos grazy for a bicycle, so I gifs him one ofe my own inventions, ain'd it? He gets plendy exercise, undt it gools der gustomers.



THE BOSTON GIRL'S TASK.

"You look tired, Athenia."
"I am. I've been trying to read Ibsen to my little brother, in words of one syllable, and it is very difficult."

SOME CONSOLATION.

JACK IVY-CLUB.—Well, Union Theological Seminary gave us a temporary set-back in that Briggs business.

TOM NASSAU.—Oh, that's no matter; we beat Yale at base-ball, did n't we?

A SERIOUS MATTER.

The trouble with Dr. Koch's lymph seems to be that the supply is not equal to the consumption.

SUPPLYING HER NEED.

MR. DRESDEN WARE.—I want to get a set of crockery.

CLERK.—Yes, sir. For the table?

MR. WARE.—No. For the new servant-girl.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"My health is getting shaky," said the popular old gentleman.

"That's because it has been drunk so much," returned his crony.

A MOLLIFIED ATMOSPHERE.

"Do you like the closed or open cars the best?"

"Oh, I think the closed ones are the nicest. The air in them is better."

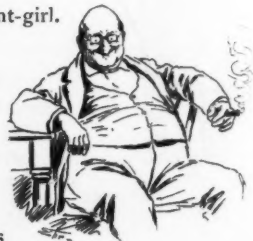
"Better?"

"Yes; very much. I live at Hunter's Point."

AN INCOMPLETE SET.

MRS. REID.—Have you got Scribbleton's complete works?

BOOKSELLER.—No, Ma'am; he is n't dead yet.



THE BOARD OF HEALTH — Three Square Meals a Day.

THE MODERN JUDGEMENT OF SOLOMON — Settling the Case between Loan and Collateral.

NATURALLY SUGGESTED ITSELF.

"Drink has completely upset him."
"Why don't they send him to an invertibrate asylum?"

THERE ARE HUNDREDS LIKE HIM.

SMITH.—One of Jones's sons was an idiot. What became of him?
BROWN.—He got a position as a truck-driver, and is getting along well.

THE TRAMP.

"How did you find the tramp?"
"Resting easily."

NOTHING LOST.

WAITER.—Have n't you forgotten something, sir?
CUSTOMER.—No, I guess not. Did you find anything?

TOMMY WANTED TO KNOW.

Tommy and his mama were sitting in a seat near the middle of the car, waiting for the train to start.

Tommy's mother was a pronounced blonde, and her hair was very red.

Another lady entered the car, and took the seat immediately in front of Tommy and his mama. This lady, too, was a blonde; and there was n't half a shade difference in the color of their hair.

Tommy looked at his mama's capillary adornment, and then at that of the other passenger, and asked:

"Mama, is that lady's hair as red as yours?"

"Hush, Tommy!"

"But is it?"

"Tommy, be still! The lady will hear you."

"Does n't she know her hair is red?"

"Hush, I tell you!"

"Don't people like to have red hair?"

"Tommy, if you don't stop talking, I'll have to spank you."

"But it ain't my fault people have red hair."

"Tommy, do you hear me?"

"Yes, 'm. Don't you suppose that woman has a husband who likes red hair as well as Papa likes yours?"

"Tommy, will you stop?"

"Mama, I think hers is a little redder than yours."

Tommy's mama grabbed him by the arm, and was hustling him down the aisle, when the object of his remarks turned around and disclosed a face much redder than her hair, as she observed:

"If that young scamp was my boy, I'd give him away; and if I had as red hair as yours, I'd take arsenic! So there!"

William Henry Siviter.



"A WELL OF ENGLISH—"

MAID.—If you please, Miss Wabash, of Chicago, has just called.

MISS ATHENIA HUBBS (of Boston).—Take the parrot out of the room, Anastasia, before you show her up. I do not wish the bird to acquire any provincial expressions.

SHATTERED HOPES.

"And has Miss Amateur given up her theatrical aspirations? Why, I thought she was wedded to her art!"

"Oh, no; it did n't even go so far as an engagement!"

NOT AN IDLE WORD.

KITTY.—I think it is horrid for girls to swear. I only said "damn" once; and then I meant it.

TOM.—Yes; one usually does.

RESULT OF EXCISE DUTY.

In him is habit so ingrained
From constant Sunday search,
That when off duty he will seek
The side-door of his church!

G. E. Hanson.



ENTERPRISING.

COL. HOOKS (entering meeting of real estate agents).
—I am a trifle late. Met a highwayman about a mile out of town.

CHORUS OF AGENTS.—Did he rob you?

COL. HOOKS.—No; but it took me some little time to convince him of the certainty of the boom in this city, and sell him a corner lot.

PERCHANCE.

TENN DE FOOTE.—I heah they give a man plenty of chances in the West.

COL. YELLOWSTONE.—Well, it depends on what he has done. Ordinarily he has a chance with the vigilantes, and a chance with the judge, and a chance with the jury—even after that he has a chance of the rope being shot in two before life is extinct.

ONE TESTIMONIAL.

MR. MERCER.—Do you think advertising pays?

MR. MERCUR.—It did n't pay me; I lost money by it.

MR. MERCER.—What did you advertise?

MR. MERCUR.—I advertised for a wife and got her.

IN THE BALL-ROOM.

He took a rose and kissed its heart,
Then with deft hand the petals closed.
She placed it on her breast, where it
Like Cupid fully armed reposed.
When all alone, she blew apart
The curling leaves to find the kiss,
And forth it flew on fragrant wings,
And breathed on her a moment's bliss.

P. McArthur.



THE AGE OF INSURANCE.



"Pardon me, sir; I see you have no umbrella—you loaned yours, doubtless, and it was n't returned. The 'Borrowed Umbrella Insurance Company' will make good all such losses in the future. Allow me to offer you a prospectus."



"Your barber cut your face pretty badly, didn't he, sir? Let me give you a card of the 'Barber-Shop Customers' Protective Insurance Company'—the worse you are injured, the bigger damages we pay."



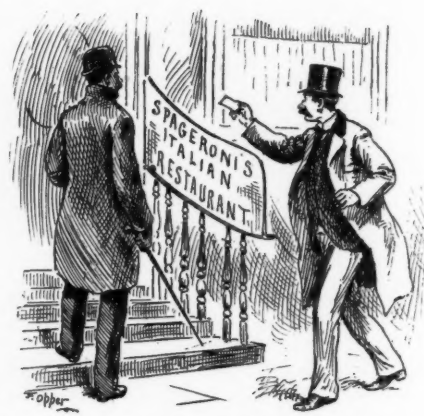
"My dear sir, I perceive you are from the rural districts, and you owe it to yourself and your family to take out a policy in the 'Agriculturists' Anti-Bunco Insurance Company.' Here's our circular."



"I regret, sir, to see you the victim of such an unfortunate accident; but before you eat another meal, you should insure in the 'Awkward Waiters' Victims' Reimbursement Insurance Company.' 'Low Rates and Prompt Payments' is our motto."



"One moment, Miss. As a member of the *acc*, you, of course, attend a large number of balls during the season; and among your hundreds of partners in the mazy dance, many, doubtless, are inexpert—your dresses are often torn. I beg leave to call your attention to the 'Young Ladies' Clumsy Partners' Accident Compensation Company.' Permit me."



"A word with you, sir, before you go in. Our concern, the 'Doubtful Restaurant Patrons' Protection and Guarantee Company' pays all doctors' bills resulting from indigestion and biliousness. Take a card."

NOVEMBER CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

THE FOG trails like a broken cloud across
The city streets, and broods upon the bay;
And, drenched as if with rain, yet sweet and
gay,
Chrysanthemums their glowing faces toss
Along the garden walls. The pink, the white,
Rose, claret, purple, yellow, crimson, gold,
They lean along the wall, half shy, half bold,
And make the dull November day seem bright.
The "Mrs. Cleveland," "Mrs. Carnegie,"
The "Shasta," "Avalanche," the "Twilight," "Snow"—
Ah, traitors! waste your beauty not on me
I've earned experience, and well I know
A simple bunch of you, for Clara meant,
Would rob my pocket of its last red cent.

Ella Higginson.

A GIVE-AWAY.

JUDGE.—Officer, you say this woman, when locked up, was dressed in men's attire?

OFFICER.—Yes, sir; but I did n't suspect her sex until this morning, when she was buttoning her shoes.

JUDGE.—How did you detect it then?

OFFICER.—She asked me for a hair-pin!

SWEET REVENGE.

HOWELL GIBBON.—The Uppen-Uppe's have n't invited me to their ball, but I shall get square with them.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—How?

HOWELL GIBBON.—I shahn't go.

MR. ROWNDES.—I don't suppose you clergymen regard marriage as a failure?

DR. POWNDES.—Not at all; more like a raise of salary.

NEEDED A BRACER.

YOUNG AUTHOR.—But don't you think my humor is delicate?
OLD CRITIC.—Oh, very! Why don't you take a tonic for it?



NOT GOING TO STAY LONG.

"Here, boy; hold my horse and I'll give you a quarter!"
"Lemme hab de quartah now, Mistah!"
"Nay, nay; I'll give it to you when I come out."
"Ya-as, but I won't be yere den."

AT THE TELEPHONE.



"HELLO, Central!"
 "Well?"
 "I want a thousand."
 "I know lots of people in your fix."
 "I say I want a thousand."
 "So do I."
 "Don't get impudent, Miss."
 "Don't let that keep you awake nights."
 "I want to know if you're going to give me a thousand."
 "What for?"
 "Because I want it."
 "Well, if you get it before I do, ring me up."
 "Are you going to give me a thousand?"
 "Would n't a hundred do?"
 "No. I want a thousand or nothing."
 "Well, don't bother me if you do; I'm no savings bank."
 "Will you or will you not give me what I ask for?"
 "If I were a man I'd hunt you up and give you something you did n't ask for."
 "You are either insane or trying to be funny."
 "I think the shoe is on the other foot."
 "I shall ask you once more, will you give me number one thousand — Brown, Jones & Robinson?"
 "Oh, you want the telephone number — one, three naughts? Why did n't you say so before?"
 "Blank-blank-blankety-blank a telephone, any how."

Harvey Brown, Jr.

NO FIRST-CLASS PLACES.

STRANGER.—Have you any first-class saloons here?

VILLAGER.—No; only second-class ones. This is a prohibition town.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

"I would n't wed a Brooklyn man,"
 She said, "for all the money
 It took to build the Brooklyn Bridge.
 Now, don't you think that's funny?"
 "I don't," he answered her; "because —"
 His smile was really sunny —
 "I would n't wed a New York girl
 For twice that sum of money."

Madeline S. Bridges.



SHE KNOWS A THING OR TWO.



OF COURSE.

OFFICER PHELAN.—Fwhat's all this row about?
 FIDDY, THE NEWSBOY.—About over, of course!

SHE WAS FORGIVEN.

YOUNG HUSBAND.—Why, my dear; this pudding is burnt black. How did that happen?

YOUNG WIFE.—I'm sure I don't know. I looked at it just before you came home and it was all right.

"But I've been home two hours."

"Dear me! I thought it was only a few minutes."

ELECTIONEERING IN IOWA.

CANDIDATE (in Iowa drug store).—Come, gentlemen, walk right up to the perscription counter. One and all, gents; it's my treat. Here, Mr. Drug Clerk, plenty of patients for ye. Now, gentlemen, name y'r diseases and the clerk will mix y'r medicine.

SHOCKED AT THE EVIDENCE.

JUDGE.—Well, Officer, who is this person and what is she charged with?

OFFICER.—Sure, it's the "Magnetic Girl," your Honor, and she's charged with electricity.

FAMILY DIPLOMACY.

SHE.—If you could only ask Papa and Mama, I'm sure everything could be arranged satisfactorily.

HE.—When is the best time, dearest?

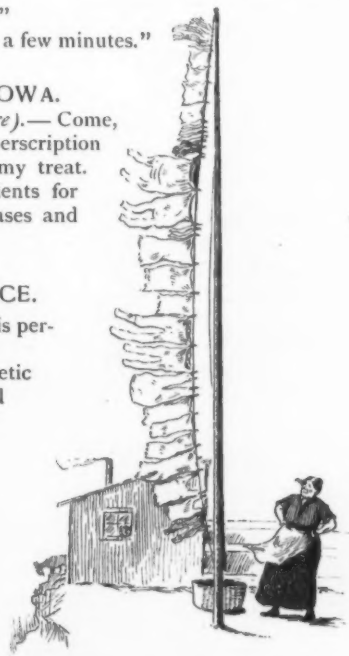
SHE.—Well, the Junta generally feels the best just after dinner.

TAKEN OUT IN TRADE — Your Pocket-book.

"THE EERIE TO-COME" may be a poetic figure, but it affrights sensitive souls — and hungry bodies who have sat down to a 25-cent "Regular Dinner."

THE CHILD is father of the man. The chap who "knows it all" is a natural descendant of the kid who is wiser than his daddy.

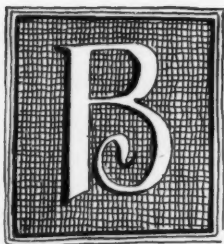
"REHYPOTHECATED" is a pretty long word, and so is "kleptomania." But syllabication can never cover up the fault of the plain English "thief."



MRS. MORIARTY'S SCHEME.

Mrs. M. (log.).—Shure, it's the great pity to be lavin' the illigant rope widout usin' all the toime barrin St. Patrick's day and the Fourt', when it's the beautiful clothes-line it makes.

RECOGNIZED THE BRAND.



BILLY SHERMAN could not have selected a worse victim for his little deception than Marie Judson; for she was one of those girls who are as truly connoisseurs in confectionery as some of our club men are in wines.

Long practice had educated her taste to so high a point that she could tell in an instant whether a given sample of candy came from Huyler's, or Tenney's, or Maillard's. Sometimes she could even name just which one of the numerous stores of these two firms had supplied it.

It was as easy for her to distinguish between the product of the other manufacturers as it is for a bon vivant to recognize the bouquet of the celebrated vintages.

Therefore, when Billy determined to do the generous thing, without allowing his generosity to run entirely away with him, he was guilty of a costly oversight.

Of course, the temptation was strong; there was the empty box with Maillard's name stamped on it, lying on his sister's table. Some foolish youth had sent it to her with his best wishes—and the best part of his week's wages.

Now, as Billy wished to profit by this uncalled-for expenditure, and to save some of his dollars, he took the box and had it filled at a cheap confectioner's, and sent it, with his card, to Marie.

Then he sat down, and complacently waited for some manifestation of her gratitude.

In the next morning's mail he found a *not* daintily (or otherwise) perfumed little note; and after he had gone through all the letters which he thought might contain checks from his various customers, he took it up and opened it.

It was polite, but girlishly ironical.

No. 361 1/2 West End Ave.

Dear Mr. Sherman:

I was very much surprised and delighted at receiving such a sweet box of candy from you yesterday.

It may seem strange to you, but I had not tasted any of Sweetem's candies in years; not since I used to get them at the Christmas festivals of our Sunday-school, when I was quite a little girl.

So you see that I have to thank you for a charming return to the delights of my childhood, as well as a pleasant and unexpected treat.

Yours sincerely,
Marie Judson.
Tuesday Evening.

Harry Romaine.

STICKS CLOSER THAN
A BROTHER — The
Other Fellow's Sister.



A TRUE DEMOCRACY.

STRANGER (to FARMER HARDCRABBLE).—Could you kindly give me the names of a few prominent citizens hereabouts?

FARMER HARDCRABBLE (stiffy).—Mister, we're all "prominent citizens" here!

HER LAST CHANCE.

AMY BUDLONG.—Did you make any New Year's resolutions?

FLORA WALL.—Yes. I have resolved to get married this leap year, or die in the attempt.

TOOK IT AS AN INVITATION.

"Can you imagine a pea-green elephant?" said Beers, as he read in the paper of that animal being discovered.

"Thanks," returned Hennessy;
"I don't care if I do."

HOW IT WORKED.



"Well, pardner, if the *Morning Blower* wants you to make a gentleman out of me, an' you're givin' me this on the dead level, I'm your oyster. Where you lead, I'll foller."



"Well, you can kick me, pardner, if these walkers ain't a treat; an' as fur the lid—well, now—"

A SMOOTH BORE.

"Chatterly is a bore."

"How so?"

"He's always quoting Shakspeare."

"Well, don't you like Shakspeare?"

"Yes; but I don't like Chatterly."

ATLAS WAS the first leading gentleman. He supported Earth in her great roll.

THE confidence-man who swindles clergymen may be called a "shepherd's crook."



"Why, if you say so, the shave goes; but the bath, pardner—well—whole hog or none."



"Pardner, you've done a heap fur me; and I will have to try to repay as best I kin. Come with me."



"This is my reg'lar standby, pard. You kin take fust pull!"

THE WRECK OF THE "ADDIE JOHN."

IT WAS the schooner Addie John,
Bound for the coast of Maine;
The sea ran high, the stars were gone,
The fog-bell was in vain.

For, high above the shrieking blast,
(T was almost quarter of four,)
The lookout thought he heard at last
The awful breakers roar.

"Oh, port your helm!" the Capt'ing cried,
(The mate began to pray;)
"We'll save the ship"—the Capt'ing lied—
(T was the 27th of May.)

[“Port your helm” was just the opposite of what the Captain ought to have remarked. It would have been more to the point had he said: “Let go that main-sheet, you slack-salted son-of-a-sea-cook!” However, the mate put the helm hard down to port and the next moment, with a terrific thump and a grinding, side-wise lurch to starboard, the ship settled down and came “into stays.” Everyone on board knew precisely what had happened, without the need of an explanatory diagram, and the Captain lost caste with his crew instant.]

"Doggone my cats!" the Capt'ing swore,
(A wicked man was he;)
"We're hard and fast upon the shore
Of North Amerikee."

[This statement of the situation showed great presence of mind in the gallant navigator. He had struck it right on the first guess.]



They hove the anchors overboard,
And reefed each tattered sail;
Then stood aghast, nor spoke a word—
The negro cook grew pale.

They stood aghast till half-past five,
When the bo's'n gave a shout:
"The fog has lifted; we're alive,
And the tide is running out."

[The Captain now swore again, for the ship had struck at high tide, and was securely wedged between the rocks, in about two feet of water, as cosy as a puppy in a basket of clothes. The cook soon had breakfast under way, while the crew began very leisurely to pack their trunks. After breakfast, the tide having run out, the entire ship's company disembarked in a very orderly manner, with dry boots.]

"Doggone, my cats!" the Capt'ing swore,
As they gathered round the fire;
"You'll catch me on the sea no more,
Or I'm a wicked liar."

"I've stood on many a heavin' deck,
And sailed the world around;
But this 'ere's just the thinnest wreck
That ever got aground."

"Good-by, my mates, I'm off for Lynn,
This 'ere is my last cruise."—
That's how he turned from ways of sin,
And went to making shoes.

Charles Richards Dodge.

THE FOREIGN VOTE.

CITIZEN.—These ignorant foreigners should not be allowed to vote.
STATESMAN.—That's just what I was thinkin'. Half of 'em look so much alike I can't tell which ones I've given two dollar bills to, an' which ones I have n't.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED
DEFINITIONS.

"Waiting for Something to Turn Up."

course you are all familiar with the story of the swallow that whaled Jonah—er—er—I mean the swale that wallowed Jonah—er—er—that is, the whale that Jonahed—um—um—the Jollow that wonahed the swale—I mean—er—the Jail that swallowed wonah—er—er—gug—gug— (Chokes.)

"I presume, Brother Sims," said the Collection-taker, kindly, "you mean the Jonah that swallowed the—er—er—that is—"

"Ye-Yes, sir," responded the timid young man; "that is what I mean."

HE HAD SEEN ONE MADE.

TEACHER.—What is faith?

DICK BOY.—That which enables folks to enjoy eating clam chowder.

AT PARTING.

HE.—And you can only be a sister to me?

SHE.—That's all.

HE.—Then please kiss me good-by; my sister always does.

THE DANGER OF WHITE LIES.

MARGARET.—Why, the man you are going to marry must be ten years older than you!

ROSE.—Oh, no; he's thirty and I'm twenty-six.

MARGARET.—Oh, nonsense; you're not twenty-six.

ROSE.—Yes, I am—really and truthfully.

MARGARET.—Have you told him so?

ROSE.—Of course.

MARGARET.—What a pity!

ROSE.—Why?

MARGARET.—Because I've just gotten the invitation to your parents' silver wedding next week.

BADLY TANGLED.

"Chi-chi-children," began the timid young man who had just been appointed Superintendent of the Sabbath School. "Of

"TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA."

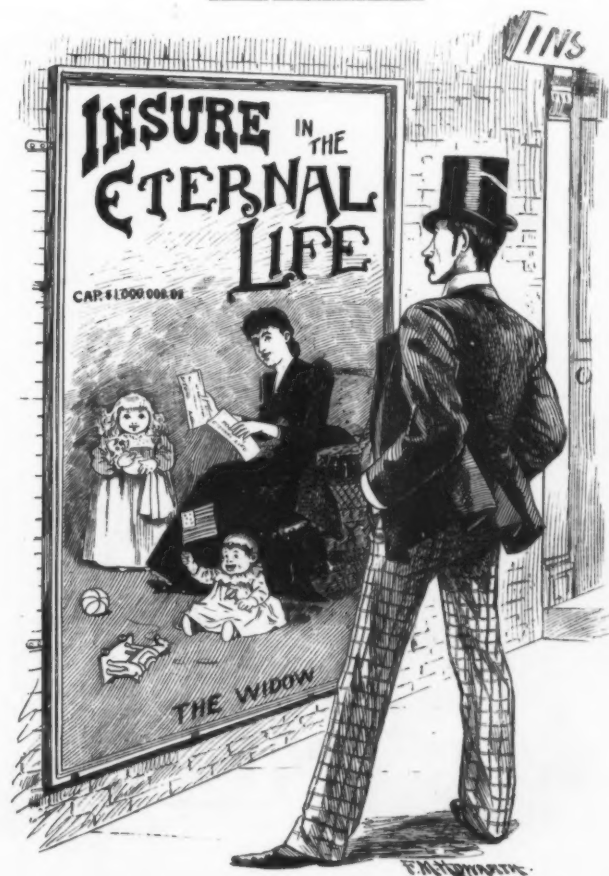
"Why is hope likened to an anchor?"

"Because it holds us safe in a storm."

"Sort of a McGinty life-preserver, eh?"

IN HIS BUZZUM.

I craved one golden lock of hair
Of those that like a crown bedecked her.
She gave it me, and ever since
I've worn it as a chest protector.



QUEER.

LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.—I don't know what the matter can be. That sign is certainly a good piece of artistic work, and yet I haven't insured a married man since I put it up.

BACK AT GRAN'PA'S.

N—N! CHRISTMAS IS no more what it used to be.

I don't say that because I have had to give up counting those hateful white lies in front of my ears, which dimpled Canda, my three-year-old dusky neighbor, plucks out angrily, lisping in tiny Tigua: "They's bad, Old Crooked Stick." Nor because between me and the last pendant stocking is all that gulf of tired years and broken idols.

No—but Christmas *is* n't the old Christmas.

When I get into an American town and ask the boys and girls about Santa Claus, they laugh in my face. Santa Claus, indeed! The youngest of them is n't fool enough to believe in the happy myth now. And as for hanging up of stockings, that is very well for infants; but "*we* would n't do it." But it *was* not so.

It was not a large room, the old sitting-room at Bristol, nor a fine one. Little and low it was, with queer old paper of faded morning-glories that were discolored—I fear even a little greasy—where Gran'pa had tilted back in his squat arm-chair for a generation and leaned his mighty head against the wall; his short, scarred meerschaum resting, too, on the shelf which seemed so infinitely high above the broad old fire-place.

Ah, there's where Santa can come down without scratching his elbows—none of your stinky registers or pipes *there*!

Whew! What a tug we had with that fore-stick! All the way from the woodshed, where the white birch is walled twenty deep and twelve feet high. But the snow had drifted into the long shed, and we rolled the log on my red sled—do you remember "Kit," Little Sister, and how we used to coast over the crust on it, "belly-bumper?" Why, it was only yester—I mean, thirty years ago. And how I pulled at the rope, and you pushed behind, and the wind bit our red cheeks, and at last we got it to the big woodbox in the kitchen, and Gran'pa rolled it in and lifted it upon the fire-dogs? M'm! I'm tired yet! But is n't it a whaler?—and how it snaps and shouts up the big chimney!

I'm sure Santa Claus can't get down before morning—that fore-stick will burn nearly all night. I wonder what he'll bring us? I want a double-runner, for "Kit" 's too little for us both now, and a pair of copper-toed boots, so I can steer good, and a knife with two blades and a stocking *full* of guindrops and peanuts and those three-cornered nuts. And you want a doll—girls don't want much but dolls—and *your* stocking full. But you can ride on my double-runner, and I'll make you a sword with my knife. Well, I should *think* you'd want a sword; but I can whittle you a boat just as well. I got Gran'pa to write to Santa Claus the other day for those things, and I know they'll come.

Say, you're letting the pop-corn burn, and your russet's roasted. Pull it out of the ashes. I'm going—Gran'ma, won't you lend us *your*



A GOOD PLACE FOR THEM.

MR. WEARYMAN (searching despairingly for his slippers under the wardrobe.)—Where on earth can those slippers have got to NOW?

MRS. WEARYMAN (entering).—I declare, Parkerhouse, you're enough to tire a saint! There (pointing to wall pocket near the picture moulding) are your slippers. I put them where I thought you could not help seeing them.

MR. WEARYMAN.—Thank you, dear. (Moves away.)

MRS. WEARYMAN.—Are n't you going to put them on?

MR. WEARYMAN.—No, dear. Let us leave them there; then I'll know just where to look for them to-morrow.

stockings to hang up? Ours are pretty little, and a cocoanut would n't go in—and I *hope* He'll bring us a cocoanut.

Oh, *please* let us sit up a little longer! Well, anyhow, let us hang up our stockings first! I want to hang mine right here by the fire-place, so He'll be sure to see it when He comes down the chimney. And you hang up yours, too. Won't He fill stockings for old people? Oh, yes; He will for the dearest Gran'pa and Gran'ma in the world! Good night—say, did n't you hear something on the roof? I did.

"Merry Christmas, Gran'pa! Merry Christmas, Gran'ma! There! We *did* say it first! Hooray! There's the double-runner! And ain't the stockings *fat*? There's the cocoanut! And here's the knife in the toe—*three* blades! No'm, we are n't cold in our nighties. We'll go right back to bed—but we'd like to take the stockings, too. Well, just a handful, then—just a teeny one. We just had to see what Santa Claus brought us. He's *bully*!

H'm! I thought I was too tired to dream nowadays. Hello, Canda! *Passe*, knowest thou that there is a *santo* that brings good things in the *Noche Buena*? Well, there is. I used to know him myself.

Chas. F. Lummis.



ODD MATES.

MEYERSTEIN.—Now vat's the use of you vastin' your vind? You gan't fit me, unt dot saddles it!

PEDDLER.—Vell, I ton't know about dot. I hate to preak into a goot bair, but for a tollar unt a holf I leaf you have von slipper unt der sachel.

UNCLE JAKE TALKS BACK.

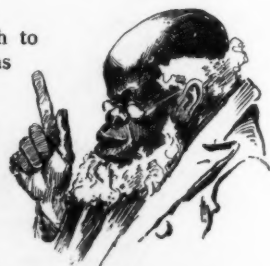
"Men that stays home don't add much to their knowledge. It's only de traveler dat l'arns as how crabs ketch cold in damp countries.

"De good Lawd, he makes recom-pense. Po' pussy cat, she got no hand, but she fine it jest as easy to wash her face wid her foots, all de same.

"Black hen need n't git jealous. She kin lay white egg when she want to.

"My bes' dog's got fo' laigs; but I kin go as many ways at once as he kin.

"An' don't you forgit it! A hen will hatch duck aigs, but a whole awmy can't coax dat hen to take de young ducks in swimmin'."



THE BIFURCATED SKIRT.

Should modern dress reformers' arts
Pervade theatrical successes,
The actresses, to dress their parts,
Would have to part their dresses.

John Ludlow.

A COUNTER-SIGN — A Black Eye.

THE PESSIMIST loves to carry an umbrella
when the sun shines, and a cane when it
rains.



II.



III.



IV.

SHE WAS FULL FARE.

CAROLINE.—How do you like George, Susan?

SUSAN (*not yet out*).—Not at all; he has the manners of a street-car conductor.

CAROLINE.—Why, what do you mean?

SUSAN.—He is always saying: "Let's see, little girl, how old are you?"

AT THE GATE.

They stood together at the gate,
The night was dark and chill, and sweet.
Like voice of unrelenting fate,
She heard the wind sweep down the street,
And nearer still a deeper tone
That breathed for her and her alone.

He leaned upon the upper rail
And, with the courage given to men,
Slowly and firmly told his tale,—
While the poor girl was wondering when
Her wearied ears he'd cease to bore—
That tiresome man who lived next door.

Madeline S. Bridges.



A HONEYMOON IN EGYPT.

MR. BOSTON (*under the shadow of the Sphinx and the Pyramids*).—Dearest, why that sad, far-away look in your eyes? Does it come from the contemplation of this spectacle of hoary antiquity?

HIS BRIDE (*confidentially*).—No, Winthrop, dear; I was just thinking how good a nice hot plate of pork and beans would taste!

PATSY'S BOLIVAR.



I.

FOUR A. M.

The advantages of foreign birth
To home birth can't hold tapers—
Why, bless you, e'en the newsboy can
Here get out his first papers.

Charles Le Furst.

THE CRITIC'S business is not to find out what
an author means, but what he should mean.

SOMETHING SURE TO BE COUNTED ON—The
Page of your Ledger.

"TWO SOULS," ETC.

"How did you ever come to marry, old man? Thought you'd determined to stay single?"

"I had; but I was introduced one day to a girl who had determined never to marry, and our thoughts seemed to harmonize so completely that—well, we married each other."

PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER.

THE FIRST SPEAKER.—Speaking of street-cars, I think the companies are entirely too stuck up. You would n't believe it; but yesterday—just on account of a little parcel which was n't quite convenient to carry under one's arm, I was politely told to vacate as many as twelve consecutive cars—and only wanted to ride a dozen blocks, at that.

THE SECOND SPEAKER.—Well, and you rode them, did n't you?



BOB (*studying Latin*).—Say, Uncle Dick, how would you translate *Dux foemina facti*?

UNCLE DICK (*cynically*).—A woman played the Miss-chief.

IN A STATE OF MIND—
The Minor.

A FAMILY REUNION—
Marriage of a Divorced Couple.

THE KIT KAT CLUB—
The Bootjack.

DID N'T HAVE TEN DOLLARS.

WEARY RAGGLES.—What has become of your friend, Fray d Keegan?
TOMATO CANBY.—He is doing the Robinson Crusoe act.
WEARY RAGGLES.—What is that?
TOMATO CANBY.—Gone to live on the "Island."

"WONDER WHY they call 'em 'custom tailors?'"
"I reckon it's because custom doth breed a habit in a man."

REFERRING TO the turkey as a feast, a certain epicure—presumably an Irishman—says the first joint is the second joint.

PATIENCE IS the lady who is lauded, but Tenacity is the chap who gets there. Patience holds her ears and prays, while Tenacity swears at his mules and whips them out of the rut.

SO COMMON 't is for some doomed man to fall
Lifeless beneath the electric wires that smite him,
With ghastly humor now the papers call
The shocking episode, "a current item."

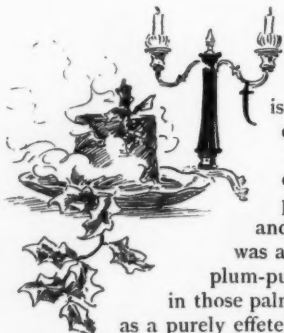
John Ludlow.



"HONI SOIT —"

CLERK. — The hotel is so crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the same room with the proprietor.

GUEST. — That will be satisfactory. Will you kindly put my valuables in the safe?



IMPORTED PLUM-PUDDINGS.

is now considered quite the thing to import one's Christmas plum-pudding from England.

There was a time that a plum-pudding, constructed in Connecticut or New Jersey, produced the desired effect upon the first and foremost of all our holidays. But that was at a remote period of our history; and the plum-pudding that gladdened the American heart in those palmy days is now regarded in certain circles as a purely effete institution.

There are still Americans to be found who are content with the domestic plum-pudding that is sent by a kind, smiling fate; and, if they can not find the same article that was furnished by our grandmothers, they make a sublime, patriotic effort to find the joy an epicure knows in the plum-pudding that comes canned and ready for use.

It does not seem at all likely that the heart of a poetic temperament can beat responsive to the coy blandishments of a canned plum-pudding. Still, if he is patriotic, and knows the canned pudding is American, even unto its tin envelope, he feels a keen patriotic joy in depositing it where he fancies it will render the highest service.

But we are not all so fond of our country as to eat its canned or home-made pudding on principle alone. There are among us those that dock the caudal appendage of the frisky equine, because it is an English fashion. On a like principle they become patrons of hunting and cricket; and it is quite likely that before long they will send to England to have their American flags made for the purpose of celebrating the Fourth of July properly. A certain portion of America seems to have a weakness for everything English, except the English joke. This enthusiastic love of and for everything English, from the church to the foggy climate, seems to have resulted in the establishment of both in this country.

Let us return to our plum-pudding. The Anglo-maniac is never more happy than when he sits down to his English plum-pudding on Christmas day, with a few select imported guests. He burns brandy over the pudding that was imported with it. In it he deftly sticks a sprig of holly. But, ah, how crestfallen would this poor Anglo-maniac be if he but knew the awful truth concerning his imported plum-pudding!

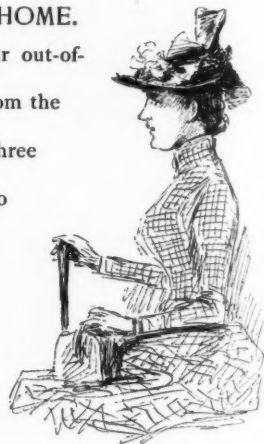
His soul would be filled with an overpowering mortification that would lay him prostrate with a crushed spirit for many days, if he but knew that the American demand for English plum-puddings is so great that the English purveyor must send to America for the ingredients. And that the brandy burned over it, and the raisins and citron and currants and lemon skin contained in it were made and raised in California. The pudding is American through and through, and that is really why it is so good.

And the English purveyor is to be heartily congratulated upon his own good fortune in having customers in a certain class of Americans whom he calls Americans, because, in spite of their English ways, he would be as much ashamed to acknowledge them Englishmen, as we are to acknowledge them Americans.

R. K. M.

OUR SUBURBAN HOME.

"FIVE MINUTES" from the station is our out-of-town abode,
 "Five minutes" from the horse-cars and from the cable road;
 "Five minutes" from a grocery (it takes three hours to send),
 "Five minutes" from a church by far too distant to attend;
 "Five minutes" from the school-house two miles and more away;
 "Five minutes" from a post-office you reach in half a day —
 Dulled is my moral nature and confused my senses be
 With this distracting labyrinth of hard mendacity —
 "Five minutes" from the wood-pile, the barn and the front fence,
 "Five minutes" from the clothes-line and pump — Let me go hence!
 Let me not ever perjure and pedestrianize here;
 Let me find rest and truth where *something* shall be somewhat near.



Emma A. Oppen.

HOW HE GAUGED IT.

"Did you have a good Christmas dinner, Jimmy?"

"You bet, I did! I had to take four kinds of medicine after it."

IF YOU would be a social queen —
 Have all before you grovel;
 Get lots of ink and paper and
 Construct a social novel.



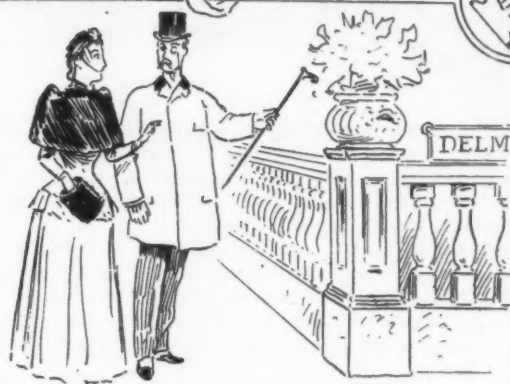
THE LIGHTNING BROADWAY-LINE.

ACQUAINTANCE. — How is it I see you standing here every morning with a basket of fruit and a bundle of cigars?

EXPERIENCED CITIZEN. — They are for the car-drivers, my boy; it's the only way I can get them to stop for me.



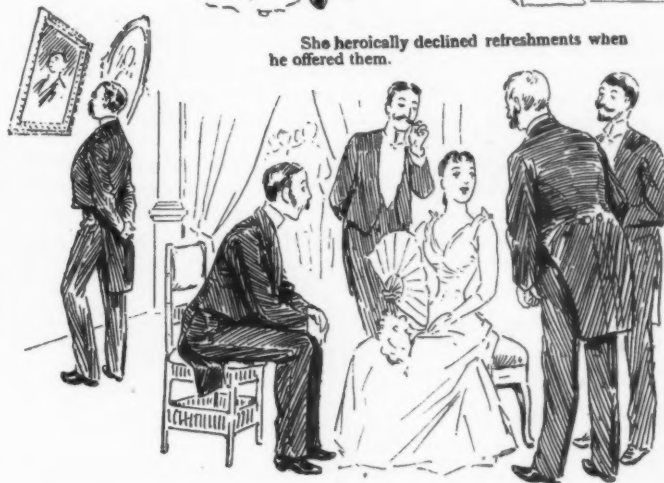
She let him find her (quite by accident) doing housework when he called.



She heroically declined refreshments when he offered them.



When he tore her dress in the waltz, she told him that it did not "matter in the least!"



She tried to make him jealous by flirting with other men—but all without success.



that fetched him.

At last, one evening, she played for him on a Sohmer Piano, and—

MR. SOMEBODY AND THE RAILROAD.



ONCE UPON A TIME there was a man named Somebody, who owned something like a thousand acres of land upon the top of a beautifully wooded mountain. It was an ideal spot to live in, and was likewise a natural sanitarium of no mean order, although remote and quite unknown to fame.

Mr. Somebody offered his land for sale at twenty dollars per acre, but no one came forth to purchase. It was his ambition to develop Bean Hills into a flourishing suburban town, and to change its name to Rosedale; and, after selling nine hundred acres at twenty dollars each to populate the place, to have a hundred left to dispose of in small city lots, at the rate of ten thousand dollars per acre.

So Mr. Somebody went to the president of the railroad that ran through Bean Hills, and said:

"I represent the property owners of Bean Hills, one of the loveliest and most salubrious spots on earth. It is hundreds of feet above the sea, and yet we can not induce people to come out and buy land at twenty dollars per acre, because the railroad rates are so high."

The railroad president assured him that he was a firm believer in reciprocity, and at the next meeting of the board of directors the rates to Bean Hills were reduced thirty per cent. And as soon as this rate was established, Mr. Somebody and his compatriots raised the price of land at Bean Hills to sixty dollars per acre, and every one laughed and congratulated Mr. Somebody on his great sagacity and shrewdness.

THE MORAL of this Fable teaches us that reciprocity is a very dangerous policy, when we are not thoroughly acquainted with the methods of the person with whom we reciprocate.

R. K. M.

HIS PROPER SPHERE.

AUTHOR.—Mary, I have made a mistake in my calling; I'm not an author, but a born chemist.

AUTHOR'S WIFE.—What makes you think that, Horace?

AUTHOR.—Well, every book I write becomes a drug in the market.

RATHER A STRETCH.

PROPRIETOR.—That fellow behind the bar used to be Barnum's India-rubber man.

VISITOR.—What do you employ him for?

PROPRIETOR.—Bouncer.

HAPPY WITH EITHER.

JEANIE.—I can be nothing more than a sister to you, Jack.

JACK.—Ask your sister to come downstairs and see if you can not be, at least, a sister-in-law to me.

LET MARRIED people take a lesson from their shoes. If they were exactly alike they would n't make a well-fitting pair.

THE QUICK-WITTED REFEREE.

A TALE OF EQUATORIAL DUELLO.



The Seconds and the Referee Upon the various points agree.



With weapon poised, each Bitter Foe Awaits the sign to "let her go!"

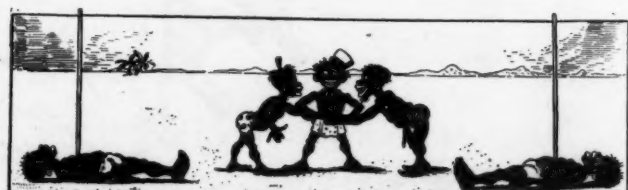


The signal drops! With fierce intent Each Bitter Foe has "let her went!"



But each, with marked agility, Evades the blow, as here you see.

Alas! the Seconds, in the way, Fall victims to the fatal fray!



The Referee, who still survives, To this decision then arrives:

"Boys, since you're dead, vicariously, Your quarrel ends. Have one with me!"

A TYRANT.

While walking down the path of life
I met a highway-woman brave,
Who robbed me of my heart and peace,
And since has kept me as her slave.

I called on Love to rescue me,
Who thus did mournfully reply:
"In sorrow we are brothers now;
For you're her slave and so am I."

P. McArthur.



A SATISFACTORY VERDICT.

CITIZEN (with two revolvers and Winchester).—Did ye view th' body o' th' chump we lynched last night?

CORONER (tremblingly).—Y-e-s!

CITIZEN (threateningly).—Wot 's y'r verdict?

CORONER (hastily).—Committed suicide at the hands of persons unknown.

A CRITICISM.

"Miss Keats," said Cholly Van Antwerp to his young Boston friend; "what do you Bostonians think of our Madison Square Garden Diana?"

"Well, she is like most of your New York women," returned Miss Keats; "fine in figure, but too—er—too décolletée for Boston."

THE REASON that murder will out is probably because blood will tell.

Pears' Soap

Why is the best soap in the world sold at 15 cents a cake, when poor soaps are sold at 25 and 50 cents?

Go back to the beginning. Pears' Soap (unscented) was made by request of the Senior Surgeon of St. John's Hospital for Skin Diseases, London. Here is his account:

I had not long commenced my investigations at St. John's Hospital, now some twenty-seven years ago, before I found that, do what I would, the want of a pure, unirritating soap constantly nullified all my efforts; the soaps which I tried *did so much mischief* that many patients, of their own accord, substituted thin gruel, oatmeal and water, and so on. The pharmaceutical chemists, to whom I applied, recommended sometimes their own particular soap (that is, some fancy soap manufactured for them, and stamped with their names, by one or other of the many soap-makers), sometimes the soft soap of the Pharmacopœia; the latter, besides being very expensive, is too soft, and requires to be kept in a pot. The fancy soaps, with "fancy" names, one and all proved failures, and quite as potent for mischief as the commonest yellow. It was under these circumstances that my attention was drawn particularly to the soap question. I was naturally driven to rely a good deal on my own observations, and the

following paragraphs are accordingly based almost exclusively on those researches.

In the difficulties, then, which I found surrounding the question of soaps, and the mischief which I have already alluded to as resulting from the use of so many of them amongst the patients at the hospital, I consulted Messrs. Pears, the very old established and well-known soap-makers, and they agreed to prepare for me an unscented transparent soap, which should contain the *smallest quantity of alkali compatible with due saponification of the fatty matter*, and which should yet be sold at such a reasonable price as to be within the reach of the hospital patients. Such was the origin of Pears' Hospital (or Unscented) Transparent Soap, which has now deservedly made its way into so many hospitals, and which I have continued to use at St. John's Hospital as well as personally for *twenty-five years* with unabated confidence.—*Milton's Hygiene of the Skin*, pp. 80, 81 and 89 (Ed. 1891).

It is sold all over the world. Enormous quantity makes the cost extremely small.

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THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT
IN COLDWATER, IA.

(The Crusaders at Work.)

NO NEWS AT ALL.

MR. SNARK (*over his newspaper*).—Well, well, Margery, the newspapers must be pretty hard up!

MRS. SNARK.—What's that?

MR. SNARK.—Why, here they come out with a big head-line "Trouble in a choir!"

IN THE DARK ROOM.

EDWIN (*amateur photographer*).—That's it! Another plate spoiled.

ANGELINA.—What spoiled it?

EDWIN.—The light of your eyes.

P. S.—Engaged.



A LITTLE.

She loved him "just a little,"—so she said—
And with that little he was well content;
For in her gently heaving breast he read,
With quickened, lover's eye, how much she
meant
By "just a little."

If Dido smiled to see Æneas go;
If sweet Griselda was a scolding shrew;
If Juliet hated her dear Romeo;
If Thisbe was a flirt,—ah, then, he knew
She loved him *just a little!*

Harry Romaine.

INDIGESTIBLE.

YOUNG FARMER MEDDERS (*at supper*).—
Ouch! Wouark! Kah! Jeeminy-jeeswax! What
in Heaven's name is the matter with this cake,
Gloriosa?

BRIDE (*a city girl*).—Why, darling, there
can surely be nothing the matter with it. I followed
the recipe exactly.

"Tastes as if it was made of clam shells. Kah!"

"Oh, dearest! May be it was the fault of the eggs. I always thought
eggs were soft and yellow inside; but these were white and brittle all the
way through, and I had to powder them with the flat-irons, and—"

"Where did you find them?"

"In the hen-house, darling. There was only one egg in each nest,
and—"

"Gloriosa, you have used my new China nest eggs!"

A PAYING INVESTMENT.

BOB THINGUM.—Watts Hysname's funeral cost eight hundred dollars.
TOM BIGBEE.—Well, it was worth every cent of it.

IN THE DAIRY RESTAURANT.

MR. CLARKING (*to waitress*).—Say, Mary; I ordered some rolls
and a bowl of "half-and-half." What do you think I meant by "half-
and-half?"

MARY.—I brought you half milk and half cream, sir.

MR. CLARKING.—Oh! I thought may be it was half milk and half water.

NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

MRS. CHILLUN.—What do you suppose
the poor baby is crying about now?

CHILLUN.—Have n't kept track; should
say about all the time.



NO HURRY.

BESSIE.—If you are going to meet Mother
on the nine o'clock train, you ought to have started
long ago.

JESSE.—Oh, don't worry. I'll get to the Grand Central by 9:30.
I should think you would know by this time that your Mother is always
half an hour late.

WHERE FALSEHOOD DIES.

Ah, when the sunny tresses grow
Out from the scalp and we behold
Two different colors, then we know
That all that's blondined is not gold.



(*Down the road*).—"Well, Bill; fur a prohibi-
tion town, dis beats any'ting I've struck yet."

POET.—I am going to write
a poem to-night.

WIFIE.—Have you an in-
spiration, dear?

POET.—No; but I need
three dollars.

"OH, COME OFF!" said
the engagement to
the marriage, in a fit of
anger. "From the condi-
tion of your temper I sup-
pose you are broke again,"
replied the latter with ready
wit, but poor grammar.

"NELLIE, did I see Tom
Brown's arm around
your waist last evening?"

"I don't know, Mamma;
I did n't see it, and I'm sure
Tom did n't."

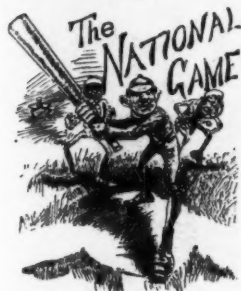


NO REDUCTION.

SIMS.—Pshaw! You ask altogether too much for this coat.

SCHWINDLEBAUM (*solemnly*).—Mein friend, I hope to fall
deat on der spot oaf I effer dake a cend less as seven dollars
and twenty-five cents vor dot coat. (*In a hissing whisper.*)
Vat you gif?

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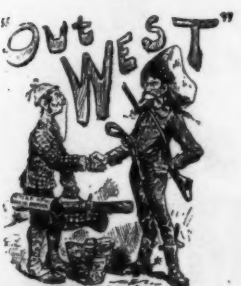
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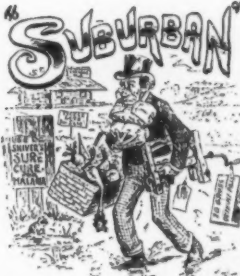
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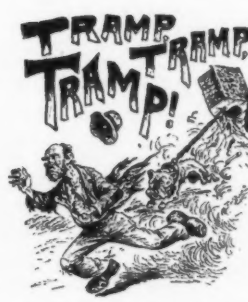
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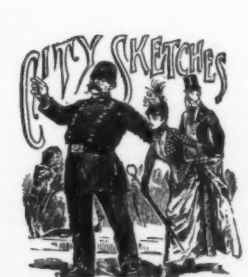
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THE TRANSOM.

A RUSTIC COMEDY.



CENE.—Parlor in the Cohoes House, occupied by DR. SNAKEROOT, the famous Indian healer. Open transom o. p. side, connecting with bed-room, also occupied by DR. SNAKEROOT. The Doctor's ASSISTANT discovered at table compounding mysterious drugs and potions.

LISH DUZENBERRY (entering).—Be you the Injun doctor?

ASSISTANT (rising, and glancing hurriedly at the transom).—No, sir. Dr. Snakeroot has just stepped across the street to the post-office. Take a seat, sir. He'll be back directly.

LISH (seating himself with many groans and wheezes, and much crackling of joints).—Wa-al, I've been a-hevin' a durned hard time on it sence the last cold spell sot in, what with the roomattics in the arm, an' lumbago in the back, an' a leetle mite o' kidney trouble ter boot.

ASSISTANT (sympathetically).—You don't tell me! Well, I guess Dr. Snakeroot will be able to fix you up all right. He's great on rheumatism and lumbago. This very medicine I'm putting up now will cure any case of rheumatism ever known. Do you see those green particles floating in this little vial?

LISH.—Gosh a'mighty! What be they?

ASSISTANT (impressively).—They're the seeds of a plant that grows 'way back in the mountains. The Doctor picks it at night at the full of the moon. Rub that on a rheumatic joint, and it just chases the pain right out of it.

LISH.—Geewhillikins! I kin tell ye, young man, there ain't no use o' talkin'; but when ye get ter be fifty-one year old, an' merried, an' with three daughters all growed up, a spell o' roomattics is mighty depressin'.

ASSISTANT.—It must be so, sir. I've heard a great many of our patients make the same remark—that is, before the Doctor treated them. I suppose you've been out nights when the dew was falling. That's the way most men of your age get the rheumatism.

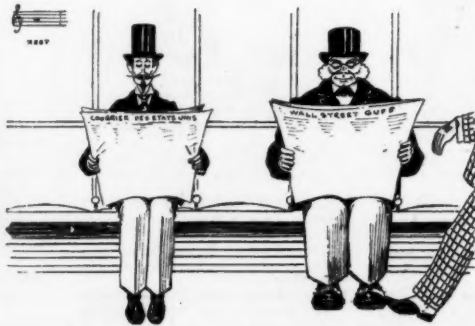
LISH.—No; I caught mine about this time a year ago a-cuttin' poles daown in the swamp lot. I wuz up ter my knees in the maash all day long, an' next mornin' could n't get out o' bed.

ASSISTANT.—I guess that's the Doctor coming now. (DOCTOR enters, pulling off gloves. The transom remains as before.) Doctor Snake-root, this gentleman has been waiting to see you. (Exit.)

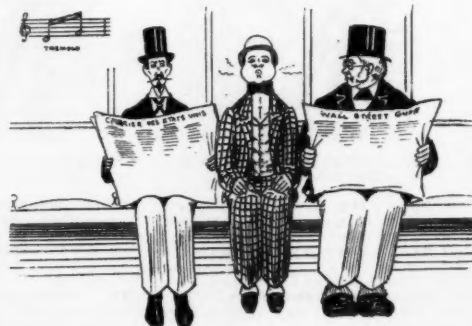
LISH.—Wa-al, Doctor, I've hearn consid'able talk abaout you, an' I've tried a hull lot o' cures, but they hain't never done me no good. I've hed a touch—

DOCTOR SNAKEROOT.—Let me see your tongue a moment. (LISH exposes his tongue, and fixes a wondering gaze at the healer.)

DOCTOR (with impressive solemnity).—Just as I expected. Rheumatism is a complaint that ought not to be trifled with by a man who has just turned his fiftieth year, as you have. I'm afraid you've been working in some low swampy ground, sir. Nothing in the



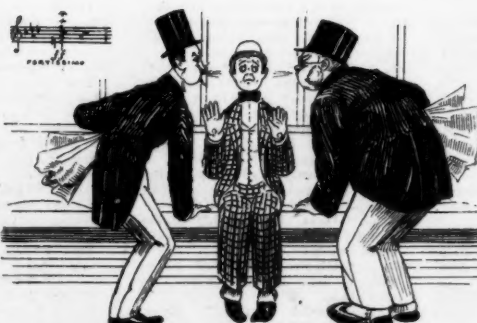
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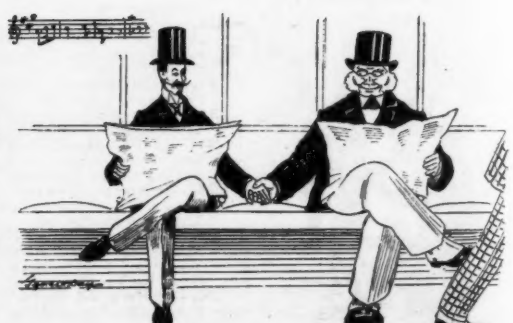
II.



III.



IV.



V.



CO-OPERATIVE NURSING.

SPOKESMAN OF THE CLASS.—Please, Mrs. Jones; if you will come back to Sunday-school, we've agreed to take turns taking care of your baby.

world so dangerous as that. Apt to bring on a touch of lumbago, too. I should judge from the appearance of the roof of your mouth that you've been troubled with that lately. (Thumping him on the back.) Kidneys bothering you much since the cold weather began? Great many cases of that sort this Fall, especially with family men like yourself. Well, my good friend, all I can say is that it's very fortunate that you called on me in time. A great many people put it off until it's too late. Rub some of this extract on your shoulder every morning, and take two of these green pills every night before you retire.

LISH (dazed with wonder and admiration).—Gosh a' mighty. That does beat anything I ever hearn tell on. Say, Doc, haouw kin you tell a man's hull condition an' feelin's just by lookin' at his tongue?

DOCTOR (significantly).—My friend, I saw a good many things just now that I did n't tell you about. Four dollars for the medicine and three for the consultation. Seven dollars, please. Thank you! Good day.

LISH.—Geewhillikins! (Exit.)

(The transom remains as before.)

James L. Ford.

"BLOWING HIM OFF."

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

JANUARY.



Resolves that Vanish in Smoke.
Most fickle month of JANUARY,
With thaws and snow and rain;
The broken vows and faithless words
That fill thy days, are vain,
And open cause for just complaint
That from such weak example
Man ever learns deceit and guile
Whereon our faith to trample.

[From "JUDGE," New York.]

"The above illustrates one page of a serio-comic take-off upon each month of the year, as taken from a 36-page vest pocket memorandum book published by the manufacturers of that old household remedy Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It will afford amusement and useful daily memoranda, and is profusely illustrated in a happy vein. You ought to be able to get this book from any dealer in medicine. If not send to us and we will send you one sealed, postpaid, for a two cent stamp. Ask your dealer first. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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Dropped on sugar, take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment to prevent coughs and colds by exposure.



She is Wise. It Prevents a Cold.
"An ounce of prevention is worth pounds of cure,"
So runs the old adage, as often you've read;
March leaves many ills in her train to endure,
And to colds, coughs, pneumonia, has frequently led.
Many people have learned, others quickly divine,
Where merit is shown, and promptly assign
As the foremost preventive of such ills, 'tis said,
That healing and worthy old Johnson's Anodyne.
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"In the spring,"—to misquote Tennyson,
Cooling and billing like the turtle doves,
Fickle young men's thoughts and fancies,
Turn to courting a score of loves.
Evading this one for Eve's fairer daughter,
Sitting beneath the damp arbor-vine,
Strolling by the "lovely," moon-lit water,
They'll both have use for Johnson's Anodyne.
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ADVICE TO A YOUNG WAR CORRESPONDENT.

My son, when you are writing up
Some beastly foreign fuss,
Don't fail to say imbroglia
Whenever you mean *muss*.

A LATITUDINARIAN OPINION.

WORLD-WIDE—Anything from a pin-prick on the Poles to a 25,000-mile circumference on the Equator.

A POPULAR MEASURE — Brim-full.

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WANT A SHORT CUT.

Economy's the road to wealth;
But what we'd like to have revealed
Is some sly path where we by stealth
Can quickly cut across the field.

THE IMMIGRANT who has found a good thing, himself, is perfectly willing to restrict further immigration.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER — Faro's Daughter.

The beauty of James L. Ford's "Hypnotic Tales" is that they are intensely full of modern New York. Those who read them simply because they suspect that they are humorous will find to their surprise a lot of admirable satire. It is hard to imagine a better presentation of certain blemishes on the police department than "The Detective's Tale." In "The Genial's Tale" he has for the first time classified a type and given it a name; so that now when you speak of a Genial, everybody knows what you mean. Among the other sketches the best are "The Rich Presbyterian's Tale," and "At the Chromo-Literary Reception" — the latter a perfect picture of the sort of thing that the "New York Correspondent" of the *Bungtown Bugle* revels in.—*Life*.

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THE GRAND LAND BOOM.

FULL SOON in the blooming suburbs
The land will reach a rate,
That will make the owners sell it
At apothecary's weight.

And soon to the flooded marshes
Glad buyers will resort
To ravenously purchase
The same by the wind-tossed quart.

R. K. M.

NOT SOLEMN ENOUGH.

"Did you hear about Lowell's works being thrown out of the Boston Public Library?"

"No; what was the trouble?"

"Some one told the trustees that Lowell was a humorist."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

WEARY RAGGLES (*suddenly stopping*).—
Ooo! Lookie there! Sign says: "Help
Wanted." Le's run!

DUSTY RHODES.—You hain't got no
business head. Just you pick up that sign
an' carry it along, an' I'll foller behind an'
pass round th' hat."

RATHER ARDUOUS WORK.

"I got twenty dollars for that joke," said
Bilk.

"That's pretty good pay."

"Yes; but I had to sell it forty times
to do it."

STUDIED THEM IN THE FLESH.

"Did you study mechanics when you were in college?"

"No; I built a house last Summer and I studied them there.
They're a queer lot."



"W-W-Why are you walking up and down with those bundles
under your arms?"
"Twaining for the pwomenade on the ahv'noo, deah boy."

THE CONDUCTOR'S MISTAKE.

"How old is that child, Madam?" asked the conductor.

"He is n't old at all," replied the mama. "He's young, and
he's too young to pay fare."

AN AVAILABLE ORNAMENT.

"The auk is extinct."

"Don't tell my wife; she'll be wanting an imitation one on her
bonnet."

NOT THAT KIND OF A TREE.

You say that I'm your sheltering oak
That will not yield when tempests crash;
But I am so consumed by love,
I should in truth be called an ash.



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In Paper, 50 cts. In Cloth, \$1.00.

One of the special weekly attractions of our humorous contemporary PUCK, is a short story which does not much resemble short stories published elsewhere. "MAVERICKS" they have been called of late, and "Mavericks" is the title of a pretty volume just published, containing about twenty of them by as many writers. Among the contributors are W. J. Henderson, Brander Matthews, Madeline Bridges, George H. Jessop, Tudor Jenks, Flavel S. Mines, R. K. Munkittrick, and Puck's editor, Mr. Bunner, whose "Short Sixes" formed the initial volume of the series of which "Mavericks" is the latest issue. To any one in search of something which will make him laugh this little book may be safely commended. The pictures, of which there are many, are quite as funny as the tales, and are all by Puck's artists. — *N. Y. Herald.*

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